NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

VOL. 18. JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD,—EDITORS. NO. 24.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY
Is Published Saturdays, by MASTERS & MARDEN, No 28, Court Street, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, in advance.

Communications for the paper, may be addressed, post paid, to the Editors; those on business to the Publishers.

AGENTS.
Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
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MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Magazine.]

MY DAY OF TRIBULATION.

BY MRS ANN S. STEPHENS.

Like Miss Mitford's, my day of trouble opened with a promise of uncommon enjoyment. It was Wednesday—that welcome twelve hours of school-girl freedom, when the mind and body rise elastic from the studies of the week, and are peculiarly open to the loveliness of that beautiful season when the sky is clearest, the flowers brightest, and the dew lies upon them in its utmost abundance.

I do not know that I ever awoke to a livelier sense of physical enjoyment than on that morning, when my friend and school mate Maria M. bounded into my room, telling me to hasten, for the phaeton was at the door and her father waiting in the hall. There is no active enjoyment like riding, whether on horse-back or in a carriage, provided your companions be perfect, your companions agreeable and the day fine. I had all these requisites. There was not a lighter or more beautiful phaeton in New Haven than that of Col. M.—and his horses, I never saw such animals—their jetty coats, arching necks and gazel-like eyes were the very acme of brute beauty. Then they were so perfectly matched and carefully trained, the foot-falls of their delicate hoofs were like the dancing of a fine girl, and they obeyed the least touch of the rein to a marvel. Our equipage was indeed perfect; the sun had just risen upon the new day, the breath of a thousand flower-gardens was abroad, and the shadows looked so cool one longed to sit and read Thompson in them. As to my companions, Maria was a lovely creature, not decidedly handsome, but good and delicate, with an eye like a wet violet. Her father was just the kind of man to give consequence to a brace of happy school girls in their teens—not young enough to be mistaken for a brother or lover, but in the prime of his good looks, with his thick black hair just beginning to be threaded sparingly with silver, and the easy dignity of a gentleman fitting him like a garment. Nor was there a better dressed man about town; his black coat of the finest cloth, velvet vest and plaited ruffles (all large dignified men should wear ruffles) were the very perfection good of taste. Were I to speak of his peculiarities I should say the things he most loved where his wife, child and horses—or perhaps more correctly, his horses, child and wife. He always drove from eight to ten miles in the hour; and his driving—we never praised that of his coachman—it hurt his feelings. Goldsmith rivaled the monkey, and why might not Col. M. be jealous of the attainments of his black coachman? I had forgotten that we were seated and the horses pawing the ground impatient to be off. Black Tom who had been patting their glossy necks withdrew his hold from the bits and away we went. It was like riding in a rail-road car, so swiftly the splendid animals cleared the ground, with the sun glistening on their black coats and flashing over the silver-studded harnesses, as they dashed onward. We turned into Elm street, where the tall trees whose name it takes are interlaced, canopying the whole street with their stirring foliage, and forming a green and magnificent arch through which the sun was, flickering with broken and unsteady light. How deliciously cool it was, with the dew still bathing the bright leaves, and the long branches waving like green banners over us; The colleges too, with their expansive common, formed a beautiful picture, the noble buildings throwing their deep shadows on the fresh grass, with here and there a graceful group of young men—embryo poets, statesmen, and heroes perhaps—gathered in every variety of posture under the old trees; some chatting and laughing with neglected books lying at their feet, and others poring over their pages a little apart, with the pure breath of morning lifting the leaves for them. We passed on toward Hotchkisstown, that gem of a village, nestled so snugly under the sheltering cliffs of East Rock, and forming one of the most picturesque features in the Arcadian scenery about that beautiful region. I cannot describe it; but those who have seen New Haven will agree with me in thinking it a jewel in the bosom of New England.

It was late in the morning when we returned with our horses in a foam, glowing cheeks and our laps full of apple blossoms. We had a delightful drive—so said Maria to her mama who met us on the steps, and so I was about to say when Mrs. M. interrupted me with the information that some people from ——, the town that contained my own loved home, were waiting for me within. For the first time in my life I had spent three months from my father's hearth-stone, and could have welcomed a dog as a familiar friend had he once passed through our garden-gate; been patted by my little sister or looked into the eyes of my mother. Without staying to inquire who my visiters could be I went eagerly forward with all the dear feelings of home stirring about my heart, and my hand half extended in welcome. It certainly was a damper—the sight of that lean gossiping little man, the miller's assistant, with the marks of his occupation whitening his hat band, lying in the seams of his coat and marking the creases of his boots—a personage with whom I had never changed a dozen words in my life, but who now sat on one of the hall chairs, with his feet drawn under him and his body planted against the wall in a direct file with his better half, one of the most silly, talkative, patterns of humanity I ever met with. In order to be a little genteel, as she called it, she had honored the visit with her best gown, a blazing calico with an immense pattern, a straw bonnet trimmed with pink and lined with blue, white silk gloves much too small for her hands, and morocco shoes ready to burst with the width of feet they contained. The head must be filled with something, and vanity often supplies the vacancy left by other qualities. I do not think this reasoning exactly phrenological, but I cannot account for poor Mrs. Johnson's preposterous love of finery in any other way. The appearance of the good couple was vulgar enough, in all conscience, without the aid of their hopeful progeny, who in the shape of two ungainly freckled boys, with sun-burnt hair, cotton jackets and striped trowsers, and who sat with their feet between the chair-rounds, squeezing their wool hats between their knees and gazing with open mouths through the unclosed drawing-room door. They certainly formed a strange group for the aristocratic hall of one of the most fastidious men in the state. Yet strong as is the fear of ridicule in one of my age, I could not treat them coldly while the sweet feelings and affectionate associations their coming had given rise to, were swarming in my bosom.—They had lately trod the places of my childhood. Ugly, inanimate and vulgar as were their faces they were familiar ones, and as such I welcomed them; notwithstanding Maria's eyes absolutely laughed with fun as she paused on the stairs to witness the scene.

An hour wore away; I had gained all the information they could give me of my friends, it was getting near the dinner hour. In short I heartily wished my visitors away; but there they sat, Mrs Johnson emitting a continual stream of talk about her luck in making soap, her current bushes and her chickens. Here she began to grow pathetic. Six of the young fledglings had perished under an old cart during a thunder storm, and as many goslings had been dragged lifeless from the mill-dam, where they had ventured too early. Really the account was touching; the more so, as Mrs. Johnson contrived to deduct something of a moral from the fate of her poultry; which was, as near as I can remember, that if the chickens had obeyed their mother and kept under the parent wing, the rain had not killed them; and if the goslings had not put forth their swimming propensities too soon, they might that blessed day have been enjoying the coolness of the mill-dam in all the downy majesty of half-grown geese. Taking breath, she branched off into a dissertation on the evils of disobedience in general, and the forwardness of her boys in particular; then drawing all her interesting topics to a focus, she took up geese, chickens, current bushes etc. etc. and bore them rapidly onward in the stream of her inveterate loquacity. One might as well have attempted to stop the waters rushing from her husband's mill-dam when the flood-gate was up, as to check the rapid motion of her unmanageable tongue; the clatter of his flour establishment was nothing to the incessant meaningless sounds that rolled from it. Another good hour passed away, and still its volubility was increasing. My impatience was approaching to desperation.—Maria had changed her dress, and I caught a glimpse of her bright face peeping roguishly over the banisters. Mrs M. passed into the hall on her way to the garden, and gave them such a look! How some polite ladies can look when they are annoyed! Mrs M.'s was an effectual glance, for it snapped the thread of Mrs. Johnson's discourse. I seized the opportunity and inquired at what house they stayed, and proposed calling on them after dinner.

'Oh,' said the little man with a most insinuating smile, 'we calculate to put up with you—we aint the kind o' people to slight old friends.'

Old friends! I was absolutely thunderstruck, and answered, I fear with more asperity than politeness, that Col M. did not keep a hotel.

'Wal, I guess I knowed that afore, but I'd just as lives pay him my money as any body else.'

This was too much. I looked at the banister; Maria's handkerchief was at her mouth, and her face sparkled all over with suppressed mirth. Before I could find words to answer the proposition of Mr Johnson, Col M. came into the hall, and the little man very coolly informed him of the high honor intended his house.

I believe it was my evident uneasiness that caused Col M. to make the most solemnly polite bow, and inform my tormenter that he should entertain any friend of mine with pleasure.

I was about to disclaim all Mr Johnson's pretensions to hospitality backed by an acquaintance with myself, when he broke in with, 'Wal, that's jest what I was saying to my woman here as we came along—says I, wife, never put up to a tavern when you can go any where else—I'd jest as live pay my money to a private house as to a tavern-keeper, these landlords always grumble so if one brings his own horse provinder.'

The Colonel stared at him a moment, and then coldly saying he was very welcome, passed on.

'What a perlite gentleman the Colonel is,' ejaculated the little miller turning triumphantly to his wife, who looked as pleased as if she had just heard of the resuscitation of her six lamented goslings, and now seemed as desirous to be in motion as she had before been of rest.

'Come now,' she said jumping up and tying the strings of her bonnet, 'less go down to the salt water and eat our dinner on the grass—come, Miss Sarah, run up and git your things—I spose 'twouldn't be perlite if we didn't ask the Colonel and his wife, and that are young girl as jest come in with you.'

I heard a sound of smothered laughter from over the stairs, and hastened to say that I knew Col M. and his family could not possibly go, as they expected company, and added that I was myself engaged.

'Wal then,' said Mr Johnson, [illegible] much difference whether we eat here or on the salt side—so if Miss Sarah can't go we'll stay here, and then go to the museum.'

This plan was worse than the other. I knew that company would drop in after dinner, and the very thought of Mr and Mrs Johnson, with the little Johnsons, being introduced as my visiters, was enough to drive me any where; and then to be dragged to the museum with them—any thing was better than that; so of the two evils I chose the sea-side dinner; and expressing my determination in a manner by no means remarkable for its graciousness, went to my room. I put on a calash, folded a large shawl about me, and with my parasol in my hand was descending the stairs when I heard Mr Johnson say to his wife, 'There, didn't I tell you I'd contrive to make him ask us?—it wont cost any thing, for I'll bet he wont charge.' Mrs Johnson pinched his arm most unmercifully on seeing me, which gentle admonition interrupted his prudent calculation of expenses, and sent him in search of his equipage, which soon appeared in the form of a rickety one-horse wagon, a rusty harness, tied by pieces of rope in sundry places, which covered an old chestnut horse, with the organs of starvation most astonishingly developed over his whole body. In this crazy vehicle, Mr Johnson, with a most ludicrous attempt at gallantry, handed us. It contained but one springless seat, and where he would find accommodation for five people was to me a matter of mystery. However, I quietly took my portion of the seat, Mrs Johnson placed herself by my side, her husband grasped the reins and crowded his diminutive proportions between us, and the boys stood up and held by the back of the seat. Thus were my doubts solved. We certainly did cut a most ridiculous figure as we passed down State-street—Mr Johnson shaking the reins and chirruping the poor horse along—his wife exclaiming at every thing she saw—the two boys pointing and staring about—and I with my calash drawn to its utmost extension over my face, my shawl folded tight, and my parasol directed with reference to the side-walk rather than to the sun. I do not wonder that the passers-by paused to gaze after us. Nor do I think even now that I could find nerve to go calmly through with another exhibition of the kind. I cannot describe what I felt then, with all the sensitive fastidiousness of extreme youth, and perfect ignorance of the world's ways which would have enabled me to disarm ridicule, by being the first to apply it to myself. I absolutely felt like a criminal, and did not once venture to raise my eyes till we reached the shore and felt the breeze blowing directly from the water.

When about three miles from town we left the wagon, whose rattle had given me a head-ache, and after finding a spot of green grass shaded by a clump of junipers, Mrs Johnson began her preparations for the dinner. First she dragged forth a basket that had been stowed away under the wagon-seat—then a table-cloth, white as a snow-drift, was spread upon the fresh grass—next appeared sundry bottles of cider and currant wine, together with cakes of various kinds and dimensions, mostly spiced with caraway seed. To these were added cold tongue, a loaf of exquisite bread, a piece of cheese, a cup of butter covered with a cool cabbage-leaf, and last of all a tempting chicken-pie, whose edges had been pinched into regular scallops by Mrs Johnson's two thumbs, and the centre of the tender crust bore the striking resemblance of a brake-leaf, as cut by the hand of the same artist in the original paste. Truly a day is a human life, with its hours of clouds and sun-shine; the most wretched is not all darkness nor the most happy all light. With its multitude of provoking incidents and petty vexations, my day of tribulation had its hour of respite, if not of enjoyment. I cannot deny this when that dinner under the juniper trees occurs to my mind. There we sat upon the grass in the refreshing shade—a few yards from our feet the foam-crested waves swept the beach with their dash of perpetual music—the winds came sighingly from the sound outstretched before us, studded with a hundred snowy sails, and a glitter upon its waters that was almost painful to look upon. Far on our right spread an extensive plain, with cattle grazing peacefully over it, and here and there a dwelling and a cluster of trees. On our left was the town, with its houses rising like palaces of snow among the overhanging trees; its taper steeples penciled in two regular lines against the sky, and the picturesque extremity of the Green Mountains looming in the distance.—How my heart warms as I think of that town! Could I gather the loved ones together that are scattered over the earth, and finish my life there in the shadow of its drooping elms, breathing the air of its classical grounds, and holding fellowship with early friends—could I do this, I think I should not be very unhappy, though fortune in other things should look coldly on me.

The clocks were striking four when we again drove into town. As I had feared, there was company in the drawing room, and with a palpitating heart I prevailed on Mrs Johnson to follow me immediately to my chamber, leaving her husband to take care of himself, and, as I hoped, to find his way into the garden, or anywhere except the drawing-room. With a determination to detain my companion where she was, I opened the window and pointed out one of the most lovely prospects ever contained in one glance; but she did not deign even to look out, being engaged in arranging the pink bows and cotton-lace border of her cap. I was even preposterous enough to offer a book; notwithstanding, when her toilette was finished she was impatient to descend. As a last resource I threw open my closet doors and invited her to examine my ward-robe. This had its effect. With the avidity of a great child she handled every article. Oh, how I wished for the ward-robe of Queen Elizabeth, that it might have detained her till morning! But mine was by no means so abundant, and when it failed Mrs. Johnson grew stubborn and insisted on going down. I followed her to the drawing-room with the resolution of a martyr. At the door she paused, dropped three sublime courtesies and entered, with a little mincing step and one of her superlatively silly smiles. I followed with my face glowing till it pained me. Had I been called upon to select the five persons that I should have been most unwilling to meet, in my irksome predicament, it would have been the two beautiful girls and the three high-bred students of the senior class then gathered about the centre-table.—What was my mortification on seeing at the farther extremity of the room Mr. Johnson perched on a music-stool, and fingering the keys of a piano, as he called it, and the feet of the little Johnsons dangling from two of the mahogany chairs near by. But this was nothing to what was to come. Mrs. Johnson with the greatest desire of being agreeable advanced to the group of exquisites, and after informing them that her husband was a great musicianer, absolutely took hold of a rich cape worn by one of the ladies, and asked her what it cost. The Lady, though there was a roguish look in her eye, politely informed her; and being too well bred to laugh in our faces the party took their leave. Maria, who had been as much vexed as myself, looked relieved; but we had scarcely time to breathe freely when another party was announced. To be again thus mortified was beyond endurance, and in very desperation I consented to accompany my tormentor in a walk about the city. Most earnestly did I entreat her to exchange her fine bonnet and orange colored silk shawl for a cottage and merino of my own. But no! Mrs Johnson clung to her tri-colors as tenaciously as a Frenchman; so I invested myself in the rejected articles and we sallied forth.

When in Chapel-street I turned my head, and lo! the two boys marching behind us as lovingly as the Siamese twins. Their mother just then recollected that she had promised them some candy, and much against my will I was forced into a confectioner's shop, where it was purchased, and a pound of raisins called for. The man was weighing them when she called out, 'Stop a minute, let's see if I've got change enough to pay for um,' and sitting down on a keg, she with deliberate ostentation took out a large green worsted purse and emptied a quantity of silver and cents into her lap. Being satisfied with this display of her wealth she told him he might weigh them out. I had endured so much through the day that the sneering smile of the candy man went for nothing. On leaving the shop I allowed my tormentor to choose her direction, which as my evil stars would have it led directly by the Tontine, on the steps of which stood the three students before mentioned. On [illegible] returned their salutations slowly. I knew even their politeness could not withstand this, and as I dragged her onward felt the delightful consciousness that suppressed laughter was following us.

A few yards below the Tontine stands a most splendid modern building, perhaps the most costly mansion in the state. Directly opposite this Mrs. Johnson made a dead halt, and pointing to the windows opening to the ground, called out, 'Come here boys and see what a sight o' doors this are house has got.' The ungainly urchins planted themselves directly before us. I looked up; the chamber blinds were gently parted and I caught a glimpse of familiar dark eyes fixed on our interesting group. 'They are staring at us, do let us go,' whispered I in an agony. Mrs. Johnson paid no attention. I looked anxiously about me. The students were laughing immoderately and coming up the opposite side walk. I could endure it no longer, but tore my arm from the tenacious grasp of my tormentor, turned the first corner and hastened home. When Mrs. Johnson returned she had forgotten my desertion in her delight at the attention of the students. 'They had talked and laughed together a full half-hour,' she said, 'and were so perlite.'

'What did you talk about?' I inquired with uncomfortable foreboding.

'Why I believe it was party much about you after all.'

'Me?' said I faintly.

'Yes, they asked how long we'd been acquainted, so of course I told them what old friends we was—kind o' relations.'

The last drop had been thrown in the bowl, and it overflowed. I said I was sick—had a head-ache—and running to my room locked myself in. [illegible] very early, threw open the blinds and looked out. The new day was breaking like an angel's smile in the east, just dividing the gray mists with its line of radiance, and embro'dering the horizon with its delicate golden threads. How fragrant the fresh air came up from the opposite garden! The modest flowers bent down their wet heads, as it came with its soft sighs and charmed the odor from their cups. The grass had put on its night jewelry, and all around was still and silent as the heart of a wilderness. My day of tribulation was over; I felt it in the lightness of my heart. I was sure of it when that one-horse wagon rattled from the door, and bore away Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson and both the little Johnsons.

ORIGINAL.

OUR EPHRAIM:

Or, The New Englanders.

A What-d'ye-call it?—In three Acts.

ACT III.

Scene III. *A small court-room, crowded—Squire Hobbs on the bench. Most of the company wearing their great coats and some their hats—all standing.*

Hob. Wal—I'm gittin' tired o' waitin'. Wonder 'f they aint most ready. (*Noise heard approaching.*) Ah, that's them!—

(*Enter constables conducting Ephraim—one bearing his corduroy-trowsers and top-boots—another his hat—another a handful of papers—a pocket-book—and a pistol. As they approach, the crowd opens, and a table appears covered with wearing-apparel.—Noise and shuffling.*)

Con. Silence there! silence!—

Hob. Squire Chew!—which side are you on?

Sq. C. (*Mounting one foot upon a bench, thrusting one arm behind him, under his coat-tail and advancing the other point blank.*) May't please yer honor!—The circumstances of the case—(*People gather round and listen open-mouthed.*)

Eph. (*Interrupting him.*) Man alive! Aint a goin to make a speech now, are ye?

Sq. C. (*Continuing.*) The circumstances of the case yer honor! unparalleled alike in all history!—ancient and modern!—sacred and profane! which—as I said before—that is to say—

Eph. (*Touching his elbow.*) Which side are you on, hey?

Sq. C. That'll depend upon circumstances! (*Holding out his hand slyly to Eph—who puts a quid of tobacco in it.*)

Eph. There's a quid-pro-quo as the lawyers say. Proceed.

Sq. C. (*Indignantly.*) Then I'm tother side!—The circumstances of the case, may it please yer honor—

Eph. Then you'd better set down, till I've pled.

Sq. C. Aint a goin to manage your case for yerself, air ye tho'?

Eph. Aint I!—(*Toby steps forward to remonstrate with him.*)

Tob. Consider! you'll have Squire Chew against you!

Eph. So much the better! Mr. Judge, Ill thank ye for the complaint—

Hob. Wal—I don't know 'bout that!—What do you say to that Squire Chew?

Sq. C. (*Springing to his feet and beginning another speech.*) May't please yer honor, an' this honorable Court, I must confess, I'm astonished!—

Eph. So am I! (*Reaching over and taking the warrant which he reads carelessly and returns, while Squire Chew continues.*)

Sq. C. When I am asked sir, what I have to say why sentence of death should not be—ahem!—that is to say—as Emmet expresses himself:

Though storms an harrycanes thunder round his brow!
An oceans break their waves at his feet!—

or, as your honor may recollect to have seen it, more happily expressed—ahem—(*Dropping his voice at the conclusion, and slipping his hand once more, very accidentally toward Ephraim, who pushes it aside with a laugh, and is reproved by his father, and by another person wearing a large cloak and straw hat, who keeps in the shadow*)—more happily expressed, in the fourth or fifth volume of Arthur Young's Night Thoughts—(*Eph. laughs*)—

As some tall cliff that uplifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale—up there—an leaves the storm!
Though about its bosom the rolling clouds is spread
Eternal sunshine settles upon his head!—

(*Triumphantly*)—There! I blieve them air the words yer honor. (*The Judge nods complacently and the orator is about proceeding.*)

Eph. There, Mr Judge! I'm ready if you air——an Squire Chew may do as he likes about heavin to. I should like to hear the complaint read, now.

Hobbs. Ephraim Jarsey—stand up! (*Eph. obeys.*)—Gideon Fairfax on oath complains of Ephraim Jarsey that on the (*mumbling*) a—a—a—Anny-dominy, one thousan, eight hundred an fourteen (*mumbling*) a—at Winsur, Varmount (*mumbling*)—for passin counterfit—a—a—bills, to wit namely, one bill, parportin to be (*mumbling*)—a—a——*five dollars*——what say you, guilty or not guilty?

Eph. With intent to *defraud*, hey?——*not guilty!*

Hobbs. Gideon Fairfax—Ginral Bray—Thomas Lyttleton Popham—an all the rest o' you witnesses stan up there! (*Nobody rises.*) Hold up your hands!—Gideon Fairfax! why don't you hold up your hand——you're the witness, aint ye?

Fair. (*In the garb of a Shaker.*) Yea!

Hobbs. You solemnly swear——hold up yer hand!

Fair. Nay.

Hobbs. Oh you affirm, I spose

Fair. Yea.

Hobbs. (*Mumbling.*)—truth, whoole truth an nothin but the truth, as this you do a—a—a——under the pains an pinalties o' perjury.

Fair. Yea.

Hobbs. (*Pointing to Eph.*) Is that the man what passed the bill to ye?

Fair. Yea.

Hobbs. Wear the same dress now, he did then?

Fair. Nay.

Hobbs. Sure on't I spose, aint ye?

Fair. Yea.

Hobbs. Foller'd him right off, didn't ye?—an' kep yer eye on him party much ever since, hey?

Fair. Yea——Nay!

Hobbs. Who's them a laughin'?——order there! order!—Got the bill about ye?

Fair. Yea! (*Hands up a bank-note—all press forward to see it.*)

Hobbs. (*Dead silence—Judge shakes his head—Uncle Jebby shakes his, and turns away. The figure in the straw hat, moves further into the shadow.*) Sure 'ts counterfeit I spose?

Fair. Nay. (*General amazement—Ephraim smiles—shuffling and laughing.*)

Hobbs. Silence there!—will ye?—nobody here 't knows bills—where's Gineral Bray? Maybe he can prove the robbery?

1st Con. Be here, right away, Judge.

2d Con. (*Reaching over a handful of other notes.*) Here's a plenty more o' the same sort, Elder Hobbs—Squire Hobbs I mean!—Judge Hobbs, I should say.

Sq. Ch. Found upon the parson o' the prisoner, yer honor.

Eph. Where?—(*Bills pass from hand to hand.*)

2d Con. Hid away.

Eph. Hid away!—where?

2d Con. Jest as of you didn't know!—in his inside trowses pockets, Judge.

Hobbs. Inside trowses—hadn't two pair on, had he?

[illegible]

Hobbs. Oh ho!—in disguise, hey? ready to slip through yer fingers any time? cast his skin at a moment's warnin?

Eph. *Hid* away in my trowses pockets, hey?—an where'd ye have a feller carry his money? Seems 'twant safe there!

Hobbs. Nobody here to prove them air bills counterfit? (*No answer.*) Don't all speak 'twunce! Where's a—a—let me see (*looking at a paper*) where's Thomas Lyttleton Popham, of Popham Hall, Gloucestershire, England, Esquire? (*No answer.*)

Eph. Guess he wunt be here—what do *you* think, Major Bob?

Maj. B. Don't know—sometimes I hope he wunt, an sometimes hope he will—said he shouldn't be able to, half an hour ago, on a keerd he sent me.

Hobbs. Must have somebody—have to let the prisoner go, if we don't: where's Ginral Bray?

Pop. (*Disguised—steps from the crowd with a note in his hand. The moment the stranger sees him, he appears thunder-struck, and whispering Major Bob, they stand watching him.*) May it please the Court! I happen to have a knowledge of this bank, and am ready to testify—if required—not otherwise——I should be sorry to injure the young man.

Eph. (*Eying him.*) Should ye though!

Pop. (*Bowing, and appearing to testify with great reluctance.*) I do not scruple to say, that after much and very careful examination—all that I have been able to give the subject—I—

Eph. (*Interrupting him.*) Stop a minnit if you please—you aint ben sworn yit, I blieve—what may I call your name?

Pop. My name, sir!—oh,—Thomas, sir!—Pope, sir!

Eph. Thomas Sir!—Pope Sir!——which of em, is it?—or is it both sir?

Sq Ch. (*Springing to his feet and addressing the Judge with great solemnity.*) I have allers understood it yer honor! as a settled pynte, yer honor—a pynte settled air in the great case of—of—of——I don't exactly remember the case, yer honor—but yer honor will find it in one o' the volumes—I forget which—of—a—a—of—of—— (*Judge bows*) yer honor knows who 'tis I refer to—a celebrated reporter!——an it is there laid down that a witness upon the—a—a—what d'ye call it there?—is never to be examined in chief—a—a—a——

Eph. (*Laughing.*) A—a—till the oath has been administered, hey?—an the lawyer's nose wiped?—I remember the case, brother Chew. You didn't answer my question, sir. (*To Popham. Squire Chew stares and after a little hesitation, seats himself.*) Which o' the two is your name? or rather which o' the three?

Pop. (*Collecting himself.*) My name is Thomas Pope, sir.

Eph. Oh!—Thomas Pope!——not Thomas Lyttleton Pope-ham, hey?

Pop. No sir.

Eph. (*Handing him a letter.*) Ever see that letter afore?

Pop. Never.

Eph. One question more, if you please.

Pop. After I am qualified, sir——the oath has not been administered yet.

Eph. Oh, don't put yerself in a pucker, Mr Pope—maybe the oath wunt have to be administered. Now, supposin that air bill there *is* counterfit—an supposin it haint ben *changed*—air you able to swear there's any sech a bank upon the face o' the airth?

Pop. (*Looks puzzled—Hobbs and Squire Chew consult together and give the witness a sign to step back.*) I for one am ready to be searched, if it is thought the bill may have been changed!

Hobbs. Oh, there's Ginral Bray!—Ginral, is that the man that robbed you? (*Pointing to Eph.*)

Gen B. Can't say 'tis!—but them's the clothes that robbe me (*laughing and shuffling*)—don't see the corduroys tho', nor the top-boots.

1st Con. Here's the corduroys! (*Holding them up.*)

2d Con. An here's the top-boots!—yeller moroccahs!—hurrah!

Gen B. Yes, there's the rest o' the things—I'd swear to em all!

Hobbs. Wouldn't like to swear to the man tho', would ye?

Gen B. Can't say't I should!—but that air pocket book's mine and they say that was found upon him, jest now.

Hobbs. Oh ho!—what do ye say to that, prisoner?

Eph. Let me see the pocket-book, will ye? (*Examines it.*) Nothin of any valley found in it, was there?—Hardly worth pickin up in the street, is it? (*Tossing it on the table.*)

Hobbs. Oh, you're gettin stuffy, hey?

Eph. Ruther so. (*Great whispering at the table—grows louder and louder, till at last the words, a spy! a spy! are to be distinguished.*) Halloo! what's to pay now?

Hobbs. Silence there!—silence, I tell ye!—wunt ye!—(*Constables rush forward, one holding up a coat, and the other a small scrap of paper as high as he can reach.*)

Consts. (*Both speaking together.*) Here's a morsel o' paper we jest found pinned inside the lining o' his cote.—(*Ephraim appears troubled—all eyes are turned upon him—Uncle Jebby, Major Bob, Master Toby and the stranger in the straw hat leave their places and appear anxious—the latter becoming reassured returns to the shadow.*)

Hobbs. Hey!—what! (*reading the paper with trepidation*) taint posserble though!—why 'ts a British pass! (*To Eph.*) aint a spy, I hope, air ye?

Eph. Mr Judge—I'd thank ye to read that paper out loud—or let me.

Hobbs. Sartin! (*Reading aloud and triumphantly.*) The bearer is on special service——

Eph. The *bearer*, hey?

Hobbs. The bearer's on special service. *All* faithful subjects and well-wishers *of* his majesty, *are* required to afford him aid and *and succor, in every emergency.* Signed *Prevost.* Gov. and Commander in Chief. What do ye say to that, prisoner? Face me down 't ye aint a spy, now, hey?

Eph. Rather think I shall, Judge. (*General anxiety—whispering—and then a profound silence.*) Let me see that paper. (*It is handed to him and he examines it.*) A passport for a spy! an givin to the bearer! (*Countenances begin to look favorable.*) Why Judge! if 'twas found upon you, you might have to swing for it, hey?

Sq Ch. Hel—not by a jugful! (*Adjusting his collar with dignity.*) [illegible]

Eph. Then why shouldn't I? whenever 't proves agin me, it would prove agin him, or you, or anybody on airth, wouldn't it?

Hobbs. Oh taint at all likely they'd write your name at length!—or't you'd be such a fool as to bring *sech* a pass with ye *here*.

Eph. Guess I shouldn't! (*To Constables.*) I should like to know who found that paper?

Con. (*Pointing to Popham disguised.*) That's the gentleman't found it. (*Ephraim giving Major Bob and Toby a signal—they approach—Popham tries to slip away unperceived, during the following dialogue, but finding himself watched, determines to put a good face on the matter and brave it out.*)

Eph. Wal Mr. Judge!—what ye stoppin' for?—got agin a stump aint ye?—If your evidences dont show their teeth putty soon, I shall have to show mine. (*Bystanders laugh.*)

Hobbs. What do ye mean by that?—

Eph. Oh, you'll know, when the time comes—feel rather sleepy now.

Hobbs. Wal you can sleep here—as well as anywhere.

Eph. Sleep here!—ye one too small entirely—woul'nt hold half sleep enough for a feller o' my size.—

Hobbs. Oh—you'd better have off jokin'; may be nigher the gallers then you think for—laugh 'tother side 'o your face by-an-by.

Eph. Wal—if you did so too, an putty much all the time, I'm sure twould be the better for ye—an' a plaguy deal pleasanter for your friends. (*The crowd encourage him to proceed.*)

Hobbs. Young man! if you know when you're well off!—but no matter—(*Uncle Jebby interferes.*) Your father'll keep you straight, an' to be plain with ye—

Eph. (*Interrupting him.*) Oh, as for that matter Judge, you're *plain* enough with everybody.—(*More laughing.*)

Hobbs. To be plain with you, as I said afore, I think you care'ing the joke a *leetle* too fur.

Major B. And so I, Eph—

Hobbs. I'm very sensible o' the diffi—

Eph. You're very *sensible*, hey?

Uncle J. The old dragon's in the boy!

Eph. Wal father what am I to do to keep myself awake till they are ready to hang me? Ought to a had their evidences all here—good mind to go without leave—

Hobbs. Guess you'd better ask leave—

Eph. Wal then! may I go out!

Hobbs. Guess you'll have to stay where you be a while longer fust.

Eph. Wal father—jest gimme a bunch will ye, when the witnesses come. (*Pretending to sleep*)

Hobbs. Aint a gwyin to sleep in the face o' the court, hey!

Eph. Wal, what shall I do?

Hobbs. Whatever ye like (*Pulling out his watch*) for ten minutes more.

Eph. Stick to that Judge!—Any of you've got a Bible about ye (*Looking round—one of the bystanders lugs out a pack of cards and reaches them to Eph—his father trying to intercept them on the passage.*)—Oh!—that's yer Bible, is it?—Never mind—(*Pushes away the clothing on the table and begins to deal*)—Take a hand Judge!—Father, I'll bate you a half pistareen!—What do you say Mr Constable?—All fours gentlemen—or shoe-make-loo! (*Collecting and shuffling*) One—two—three—there! (*Dealing*)

Sq. Ch. Don't care'f I do take a hand—(*Throwing one leg over a bench*)

Gen B. Nor I nyther—but we must cut for deal, though?

Uncle J. (*Losing all patience*) Elder Hobbs!—Elder Hobbs!

Hobbs. Deacon Jarsey!—Deacon Jarsey!

Uncle J. To allow such carrins-on in a court o' *Justice! Elder Hobbs!*

Hobbs. To allow your son to play keerds *afore folks! Deacon Jarsey!*

Uncle J. (*To Eph*) Behave! will ye, Eph!

Eph. Wal father, jest as you say.

Sq Ch. Hadn't we better adjourn till tomorrer?

Eph. Adjourn till tomorrer!—*You* may adjourn if you like, but hang me if I do!—if I once git away, you don't ketch me here agin, I tell ye! (*Conversation begins—grows loud and clamorous—at intervals the following remarks reach the audience*)

1st. Got a colt—an will go jest as fast as she's a mind to' an *no faster!* (*Brig Shirley enters and whispers to the Judge with his mouth crammed full of gingerbread—gives the judge a piece—others begins to eat apples &c. Judges feet over the bench*)

2nd. Pore scrawney thing!—had a raal siege with her, hey?

Brig S. Putty rugged now, aint ye gineral?

Gen B. So's to be a kickin—how'st with you, Brigadier?

Eph. Jest as soon ride a great iron grasshopper—hardest goin critter ever I see—on *four legs.*

2nd. Who owns that air mill—(*Pointing toward the window*)

Eph. That cider-mill, hey?—(*Pointing to Brigadier, who is munching a huge apple*) Brigadier Sharley's *father*, I guess.

1st. I say, jineral! when you gwyn to send home the rest o' my cloze—

Gen B. Meant to yisterday—ben very busy—jest had to collar an cuff the Brigadier's old coat.

Eph. Ah!—Was the Brigadier in it?—(*General laugh*)

(*Enter* Lt Page *and others. Page communicates with Ephraim whose countenance changes. One of the party hands up a bill to the Judge and appears ready to take the oath*)

Hobbs. (*Reaching the bill to Chew*) Nice lookin bill—I should like to be president o' that bank—

Sq Ch. An I should like to be *cashier!* (*Chuckling*)

Eph. Wal I shouldn't—nor *cash there*, if he was President.

2nd. (*To the Shaker*) I thought you said you could go by me.

Shak. Yea.

2nd. What with, I should like to know?—that large bay, I spose?

Eph. Ay—or a five cent piece—(*Bystanders laugh*)

Sq Ch. (*To the Judge*) I make it a pynte never to surrender a principle.

Eph. Might have to do it though, in open court—an be glad o' the chance—Ah here they come! (*Noise*)

Enter Witnesses.

Hobbs. You ought to ben here half an hour ago, Mr Sawyer!—Is that the man that refused to change your bill?—Wouldn't give you small notes for a fifty?—hey?

Wit. Ruther think tis—aint the same clothes however—If I could see him in tother dress, I shouldn't stick at all at takin my oath on't.

Uncle J. No objection I hope Ephy, have ye?

Eph. Not in the least, father! (*Changes so as to have on the whole of the original suit—takes an opportunity while his back is toward the company to fix his hair &c. &c—As he turns, after the transformation, the witnesses and spectators who were all talking together, grow suddenly silent and give way on every side of him—the individual in the straw hat appears agitated*)

Sawyer. (*Seeing Eph as he steps up*) Oh yis!—that's him!

Hobbs. Stan up there witnesses! All of ye together!—(*All stand up*) Hold up your hands! (*They obey*) You severally swear, that the testimony you shall give (*Chew prompts him*)—a—a—a—(*Mumbling*) shall be the truth, the whole truth, and the—(*sees Eph—and stares at him open-mouthed*)

Eph. Stop sir!—(*Casting off his Yankee air at once and speaking with an air of authority*) It's my turn now! You may discharge the witnesses—look to the doors Page! and let nobody pass! Father—the paper I gave you if you please!

Uncle J. (*Putting on his spectacles and staring at Eph*) Lord-a-massy on us!—Aint sure tis our Ephy!—(*Gives the papers*)—Wal!—if the world aint comin to an eend!

Eph. No not these father; and yet these have their use. I mean the sealed paper. ((*Uncle J. hands it over*) Now sir!—(*To the bench*) I plead guilty to the charge of having passed one five-dollar note of counterfeit-money—*one*, and no more—the witness you have produced will swear that I refused to change a fifty-dollar note he offered me—why? if his note was good and mine counterfeit? why! I'll tell you why—my object was accomplished! I had contrived a plan, sir, for the destruction of a confederacy so formidable as to set the whole power of my country at defiance! (*All gather about him in amazement*) The train was laid—the spark ready to be dropped, when I found myself arrested, and on trial for my character, if not for my life. Sir! You are a magistrate. The law, without any regard to your qualifications, has given you a power little short of life and death over every suspected and every accused person! You should be sir, *of counsel for the prisoner*—such is the law!—What you have been sir, while I have stood before you, a poor, ignorant young man, heavily accused and apparently friendless, I leave it for others to say. What you are to be now, *now* that I stand before you in my true character—that of a benefactor to my country, instead of an offender against her laws—will depend upon me—

Sq Ch. (*Rising*) I pray the opinion of the Court!—I am astonished beyond mea—

Eph. Silence man!—I will not be interrupted!—Sir! (*To the Judge*) notwithstanding your ignorance and presumption, and the informality of these proceedings, no one step of which is *legal*—another, as ignorant as you believed me to be, might have been bound over as you call it to a higher account—and for what purpose?—*merely to be discharged and stigmatized forever!* But enough! I am a robber—am I!—And I go abroad among the very people who have been outraged, into the very presence of the man I have robbed! with the very dress I wore at the time of the robbery!—nay, with an old pocket-book and a few papers, of no value to anybody, about my person, for no earthly purpose it would seem, but to invite accusation and to furnish evidence against myself! And this, after I have read the handbill describing the very dress I have on, and offering fifty dollars reward for my apprehension!—I am a *spy* too! am I! And fool enough to carry that evidence about me also, where it *happens* to be found by *strangers! Sir!—Father!—Friends!*—I do not pretend to explain these circumstances—I cannot—I have no idea how the author of that letter to Major Smith, could have come to the knowledge that my clothes were concealed under the garret-floor of the school-house—*that* explained, every thing else would be clear! He is undoubtedly the robber himself, and the spy—if there is any spy. And the *object* is to sacrifice me!—Read that paper sir, and you will see his motives. (*Hands up the paper—Toby comes forward and shakes hands with Eph, while the Judge is opening the paper: and Uncle Jebby appears whispering with Page—who stands with his back to the door*)

Hobbs. Why, what's this? hey! *Caleb Strong!* governor o' Massatusetts!—an the great seal o' Massatusetts!—

Eph. Please to read it sir—or let me.

Hobbs. (*Reads, putting the emphasis on all the insignificant words*) The bearer, Ephraim Jersey, *Esquire* (*all stare*) *has* submitted a plan to me in confidence *for* the capture *of* a gang *of* counterfeiters who infest our borders, and are believed *to be* leagued together. (*Bustle among strangers*) From the very nature of the plan, it cannot be entrusted to paper. Many and great dangers *he* will have to encounter—among others that of passing counterfeit money *himself* (*Winking and nodding observed among the bystanders*)—In which case, *if* arrested, he is particularly recommended to indulgence *and* favor, till an opportunity *can* be had *for* communicating *with* him and *of* ascertaining *his* faithfulness!—Signed—Caleb Strong—(*with uplifted eyes*)—an the great seal o' Massatusetts!

Pop. Ay sir!—and here's another great seal, he ought to have been furnished with a year ago. (*Fumbling in his breast-pocket—and narrowly watched by the person in the straw-hat*)

All. Hourrah for our Ephy!—hourrah!—(*Doors are pushed open and several persons rush in and take their places about the room*)

Eph. Close the doors, Page!—One! two! three!—four! —(*Counting the strangers*) Look to your pistols, my lads! (*At this moment Thomas Lyttleton Popham, Esquire, who has contrived to get gradually nearer and nearer to Ephraim, levels a pistol at his head—his arm is caught by the stranger in the straw hat and cloak, which falls off in the sudden effort, and Lydia Smith appears—the pistol goes off, and T. L. Popham Esquire springs for the door*)

Eph. (*Springing after him and catching him by the throat*) You rascal!—I knew I should have ye!—Away with him to jail my boys!—Tomorrow I will undertake to prove *him* guilty of all he charges me with!—Away with him!

Pop. Not so fast if you please—(*Claps his hands—certain of the strangers throw off their cloaks and a scuffle ensues—Miss Chandler appears under another cloak—the women scream—a bugle sounds at the door—two or three pistol shots are fired—and after a short struggle, Page, Toby, Major Bob, and Uncle Jebediah appear, each with a prisoner by the collar, the latter holding up a crutch over the head of his—others watching their looks and pinioning their arms.*)

All. Hourrah my lads!—hourrah for Ephy!—Hourrah for our side!—hourraw!—hourrai!—hourrah!

Eph. Away with this fellow to another room and search him! (*As they are lugging him off a bustle occurs, and one of the bystanders catches his hand as he passes and forces a roll of money from it*) Away with him!

Bystan. Hulloo! Elder Smith!—here's a pocky tarnal snarl o' money o' the same sort I ruther guess; can't be good for much—for he was tryin to throw't away. (*They drag off T. L. Popham, Esquire*)

Eph. Lydia!—you here!—God forever bless you!—Father!—what think you now of the story I told ye!—And you too Master Toby!—think ye I've *established my character*?—Think ye I deserve that glorious girl!—But Lydia—this is no place for you—Major Bob Smith!—where are ye—pass the word there—(*Others call*) Major Bob Smith!—(*At this moment he is seen crawling out from underneath the table*) Major Bob Smith!

Maj Bob. (*Standing up and facing Eph with a military air*) Here!

Eph. Lieutenant Page!

Page. Here!

Eph. Just leave your prisoners to somebody else for five minutes,—where's General Bray?—is he here?

Hobbs. No—jest stepped out—send for him with pleasure—Officer! run and tell jineral Bray Squire Jersey wants to speak with him.

Eph. (*To Major Bob Smith*) After them! will you! Make the prisoner put on *my clothes!*—You understand me!

Maj B. Make him!

Eph. Yes—make him!—He'll never do it of himself, I promise you. He's too shrewd a fellow for that. (*Prisoners look at one another and smile*) My notion is that he is the leader of the whole gang. (*Watching them; they appear disturbed and turn away, biting their lips.*) A fellow whom I have often heard of as Tom Pop—though I have never been able to meet with him. After he is rigged out, bring him here—I want a word or two more with him, before I sleep. As for these fellows, I [illegible]

with counterfeiting on a most extensive scale, and with a conspiracy to carry off or destroy an American citizen in time of war!

All. Hourrah for our side! Away with em! Away with em! (*Page appears and whispers Ephraim*)

Eph. As I expected!—the boats and horses are safe then, are they?

Page. Rather guess they be! and the men too! (*pointing to the prisoners as they are led off*) There's the very four fellers t' I overheard plannin how to carry you off!

Eph. Did you hear anything said about one Tom Pop—

Page. Tom Pop—Tom Pop—No, that aint the name, but I've got it here (*reads a paper*) Thomas Lyttleton Popham Esquire of Pop'em Hall, &c &c.—that's a keerd he dropped.

Eph. (*Taking the card and comparing it with the letter to Major Smith*) So, so!—as I expected!

Enter a Constable who hands other papers to the Court.

Hobbs. (*Very respectfully*) Here's a paper o' yourn I rather guess—(*Reaching to Ephraim.*)

Eph. (*After examining it*) Oh, the mystery is all cleared up!—Now do I perceive how the rascal came to the knowledge of my clothes—a knowledge, as you see sir, which had well nigh cost me what I value more than life—reputation. This little memorandum was intended for my father in case of my death—I supposed it to be still in Canada—it mentions what the clothes are and where they are concealed. The rascal!—But for that Providence, which is always the friend of courage and of plain dealing, I must have fallen a sacrifice to their villany.

Uncle J. (*Who had stolen back unperceived*) All very fair, Ephy, an very plausible—but I aint *altogether satisfied*—want to see some other things cleared up—I've seen folks a leetle too cute for themselves afore to day.

Eph. (*Laughing*) So have I father! An too knowin by half.

Enter Thomas Lyttleton Popham, Esquire, *in Ephraim's clothes—two constables leading him and General Bray trying to get a sight of his face.*

Bray. (*Clapping his hands and jumping up.*) That's the feller! that's the feller! clothes an all!—swear to em both now!

Uncle J. Eph, my boy!—give us your hand!—your old father *is* satisfied now!—(*emotion*) The Lord forever bless you Eph!

Hobbs. (*Snuffling.*) An so am I!—wonderful Providence!—young man, I beg your parden—you've ben a sarvin your country, like a hero—and so—and so—(*snuffling*) you may go about your business.

Uncle J. Lord, how naitral that sounds! That's jest the way they sarved us all, arter we got through the revolutionary war—my good fellers, says they—you've sarved your country faithfully—an now you may go about your business!—

Page. (*Looking in.*) How must we secure the prisoners Judge?

Hobbs. Hand cuff em, and keep watch till tomorrow—

Eph. *Hand-cuff* 'em—Box their ears an' let em go, hey?

Shaker. (*Who has crept unperceived to the elbow of T. Pop.*) *Tom Pop!*

T. Pop. (*Looking about in astonishment.*) Sh!—sh!—Brr—

Shaker. Tom!—Pop!—I say!

T. Pop. (*Staring at the bystanders, one after another, and then at the stranger.*) Why God bless me Bill!—that aint you, is it!—

Shaker. Yea.

T. Pop. Oh damn your nonsense, Bill—come out o' that!—

Shaker. Nay.

T. Pop. Oh ho!—out on a frolic, hey?—(*taking hold of his coat, &c.*) Oh you rogue you!—Any bundlin goin on here (*Imitating the yankee.*) hey!—an' so forth—an so forth!—

Shaker. (*Looking about on all sides before he answers.*) Some!

Maj. B. (*Breaking into the room.*) And so forth! and so forth! and so forth—Robert Smith, Esquire, one of the New Hampshire light horse!—Bob Major! *And so forth! and so forth! and so forth!*—Oh that's the very feller!—now I know what he meant by that everlastin row of ampersands!—(*Imitating.*) Any bundlin goin on here, hey?—an so forth—and so forth—an so forth—Oh you rascal you! (*T. Pop turns suddenly.*)—I beg your pardon sir!—I was speakin to that other gentleman there. (*Another turns.*) Oh Lord!—not you!—(*Clears out.*)

T. Pop. (*Doubtfully and warily.*) I say tho' Bill—hav'nt forgot old times, have ye?

Shaker. At Pop 'em all, Gloucestershire, England—hey?—*Esquire.* (*Holding up a card.*) Travelling for your health, hey?

T. Pop. Oh damn your jokes!—I knew you'd left the concern Bill, and I took it for granted, if you meant to set up for yourself, you'd come to the states; but between ourselves, I wasn't quite prepared for such a transformation as this. (*Laughing.*) Turned quaker, hey?—new sort o' forgery this!—counterfeiting on a larger and safer scale, hey?—a downright quaker, Bill?

Shaker. Nay.

T. Pop. Shakin-quaker, perhaps?

Shaker. Nay.

T. Pop. What then—A shaker!

Shaker. Yea!—

T. Pop. The dev'l you have!—Upon my word I believe your serious!

Shaker. Yea!—

T. Pop. Yea—nay!—nay—yea!—The long and the short of all which is, that you spend your time in trapping others, now you've left off trade yourself?

Shaker. Yea.

T. Pop. Go to the devil! (*Turns off in a rage to follow the officer—exit.*)

Shaker. Nay. (*Great noise heard approaching—enter a troop of girls and women—all screaming for their partners, fathers, brothers, &c. and pairing off as they find them.*)

Eph. (*Dashing off with Lydia as if to take the head of a dance.*) Toodle—oodle!—oodle oodle!—take a hand, father!—an' you too Elder Hobbs! for a wind up—toodle oodle—oodle, oodle! (*Lydia stops his mouth*)—oodle!

Men. Hourrah for our side! Hourrah for our Eph! hourrah!

Eph. (*Dancing.*) Toodle oodle—oodle oodle—give me hold o' your—

Lydia. (*Gravely.*) No more of that I beseech thee Ephraim—dear Ephraim—Thee enough surely to make thee serious, and enough to be grateful for!

Eph. That's what I have!—an I'm goin' to be serious, right away.

Enter Aunt Eunice.

Aunt A. Come come children!—Its high time you're abed!

Eph. What say you Lydia? (*Lydia makes no reply but putting her arm through his, they walk off together—followed by all the rest, as the curtain falls.*)

Bob. (*Popping his head in at another door.*) Hourrah! (*Exit.*)

Others. Three cheers for our Ephraim!—hourrah!

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

TAR-BRUSH SKETCHES.

BY A FELO-DE-SE.

NO. IV.

'From Saccarap to Portland pier
I drug-ged lumber many a year;
And when I couldn't no longer draw,
That was the reason they killed me for'—

Avast there Jack. You don't mean to say this horse can draw no longer. Why, he's drawn half the teeth from my head!

'Oxen!

Yes, Bill.

But this 'ere beef aint 'oxen meat?

To be sure it is.

Bill dropped the bone he had hitherto held on upon with [illegible]

at which they became superannuated, the method of packing, and the number of houses in the trade. What a pity that Bill had not been an author! I shall not say who slipped into his place, and played knife to the junk he deserted, lest the reader should uncharitably impeach the truth of the genealogy of the food which Bill, to use the words of his polished country woman, 'greatly gulped at.'

Turn to there!

Ay, ay, sir—from half a dozen. But what were we to 'turn to' upon? Not a rope yarn was out of place from the deck to the truck—we had stripped and re-rigged her. The junk on board (not salt junk) was worked up—every strand—the decks might have put a lady's white dress to the blush—and we had neither to discharge or take in cargo. Ah, there we have it,—Snowball is passing the muskets and cutlasses from the cabin,—the two blunderbusses, and one odd horse pistol.

Perhaps a little the hardest work in the world, is to do nothing—or, what is next to nothing, to be employed upon something which you are sensible can be of no possible utility. Here we were, a dozen men, wearing out our jack-knives upon rusty muskets, to give the mate an opportunity to enter in his log, 'overhauled and cleaned fire arms.' The monotony was however relieved by a voluntary, performed by the ship's dog, upon the body of the negro soldier, stationed on board as an officer of the customs. Tiger was a large noble fellow—possessed of more just and accurate notions of meum and tuum than many bipeds. When therefore, he saw the black soldier, after finishing his dinner, deposite in his capacious cap some four or five pounds of ship-bread; he, the dog, being decidedly of opinion that such an appropriation of ship's-stores was never contemplated by the owners, resolved upon recovering the spoils. Like a sensible beast he went to work, not rudely and noisily, but deputing himself a spy upon the movements of the soldier, who had composed himself for a siesta, in a shady nook on deck—placing the cap containing the plunder at his head. Tiger followed in a lazy sort of a way, as if with no particular business in view—stopped at an unsuspicious distance from the cap—cast half an eye at it, and then looked up in my face, enquiringly.

Certainly Tiger. He has no more business with the bread than you have with Bolivar's moustaches.

A hearty laugh from all hands roused the soldier, to see the dog trot aft and deposite one recovered biscuit at the foot of the doctor. Upon his return, he found the cap empty—as the soldier who disapproved altogether of this system of military foray, had taken the bread from his cap, and placed it under his head, and covered his head with his cloak. Ascertaining its location, Tiger planted both feet on the head of the soldier, and commenced digging industriously. The Spaniard was glad to purchase peace by the surrender of another biscuit, which the dog disposed of as before, cheered by the boisterous mirth of the whole crew, who could hardly restrain themselves within any bounds. Even the grim soldier began to enjoy the fun of the thing, though it was entirely at his expense. Again Tiger returned, but in the mean time, the provision had once more changed its stowage, and was placed under the soldier's body. Tiger's nose guided him exactly to the spot, and he commenced operations directly over the hidden treasure, greatly to the injury of the uniform of the Peruvian republic. Another biscuit purchased a temporary ransom. On the part of the soldier, the plan of the campaign was now altered; he replaced the bread in his cap, and drawing his bayonet from the sheath, gave Tiger upon his next approach, a pointed intimation of his intention to defend to the death, the few remaining bits of his plunder. Oh well, said Tige, (that is he seemed to say it) its not worth making so much fuss about, so I'll sleep on it; and down he dropped, clapped his head on deck, between his fore paws, and put himself in a posture for a respectable canine nap.

Ha! dam a nigger tief, said the steward, who now showed his ebony face on the forecastle. Seize 'um Tiger.

But Tiger evidently had no inclination to 'seek the bubble reputation' at the bayonet's point'—and it was voted unanimously that he was an arrant coward. So goes the world;—Messieurs the people have no mercy for their servants, but goad them on, beyond their strength—and hunt them for cowards whenever they show any signs of fatigue, or love of life. Everybody can remember when it was preferred as a serious charge against a naval officer, that he stooped to dodge a chain shot!

Hollo! said the steward, where dat blood for, on dog's nose? Guess you Bill British been noculate him for coward!

Get out you Hethiopian, or I'll shoot you!

Oh don't know, who sarve a de grog, nigger gone to be wooden jacket?

'When de Cap'un go ashore,
An de mate he hab de key,
You want a nigger steward
When its grog time o' day.
Grog time o' day!'

A sharp angry bark from the dog, and he had the soldier by the neck. He had watched him, till he saw him off his guard, and then pounced on him like a Tiger, as he was. Immediate interference was necessary to save the soldier's life—for the dog would most assuredly have finished him, had he been let alone. The steward was in the very ecstacy of delight—he hugged Tiger, and danced round the forecastle like a baboon. He! choke a dam Cholo nigger!—Top his weasen, a brack sojer—good feller Tiger!—The gambols of the dog and his friend had become too annoying—it was evident that it had been grog time with the steward. His eyes protruded from his head, and were at the same time dim with the heavy mist with which alcohol smothers the vision.

I tell ye, you Hethiopian, I'll shoot you, if you don't quit your monkey shines!

When a buckra man come,
Hol 'um gun up higher,
Tell a nigger shoot him,
Nigger he tan fire!

'pecially when a gun hab no powder in him! Hee! And Ebony turned a somerset over the heel of the bowsprit.

Possum up a gum tree,
Raccoon in de holler,—

Hee! good feller Tiger. Nigger gib you mannaverlins, checkeny leg, an piece o' pork! Choke a nigger sojer, hey?—Hab a pension for it!

I git up in de mornin
At de break o' day,
Look out de windy
Canoe gone away—
Den I tell my Dinah
Who de debble steal it,
Can't catch him fish now—

Looky you Bill British, you take aim wid a gun? Wha for no do dat on Bunker Hill? Wha for let a Yankee pick him off like squerrel, hey?

Jackson he a fightin man,
So dey say, so dey say,
Jackson good at puckin ham,
So dey say, so dey say!

Wha for you no like um cotton bag Bill British? Hooh!

Massa, missy no like a me
Cause I no eat a brack eye pea,
All day—all day!

Bill cocked a gun.

Hab bucket a water fix-a de primin?

In-a San Domingo
Buckra run away,
Leff um in a hurry
'Cause him couldn' tay—

Make ready! Took aim!

Bill, laughing, followed the steward's orders.

Now Bill, fire as he dam—I can stand—

The Steward did not spring from the deck—he staggered three steps forward—and fell. His head struck directly in the face of the patriot soldier—there was a twitch—a convulsive movement, and then it rolled on deck—and the soldier sprung to his feet—his head and face besmeared with blood. The poor fellow—soldier though he was, had never before seen a gun shot wound. He brushed the blood from his eyes with his hand—threw his bayonet overboard—then his musket—and would have launched the whole of the ship's arms, had he not been prevented, so frantic was he in his horror. Two of the men seized him, and thrust him abaft the windlass.

The captain was on shore. The mate, who was in the cabin, hearing the report, ran on deck. When he reached the forecastle, Bill stood, on the very spot where he had discharged the musket, which he still held in his hand, the muzzle within two inches of the deck and his finger still on the trigger. The big blue veins on his hands were [illegible]

[illegible]—evidently took cognizance of no object. Immovable as he stood, scarcely breathing; a few straggling hairs giving additional wildness to his haggard countenance, as his head almost reclined on his breast,—for the dead body was scarce more than a musket's length from him; he could hardly be likened to a *living* statue. And his ship mates were scarce less affected than himself.

Sad work! and work this! said the mate.

The voice restored the unfortunate homicide to consciousness—but not to recollection. He dropped the musket—stared wildly about him as if unacquainted with the events of the few preceding moments, and desirous of reading them in the faces of the bystanders. All was silence. Presently his eye caught the prostrate form of the steward imbedded in its gore;—a howl of agony—a bound—a splash—he was overboard.

Half the crew were in the boats in an instant. While they were fishing for the poor fellow who had thus accidentally sped the steward to his long home, I examined the body. The ball entered directly over the upper lip—the face was filled with grains of powder, and the skin burnt, so near had the murdered man stood to the muzzle of the musket. His eyes were unclosed, and stood out in glassy deadness. Oh, it was horrible! though not a muscle of his face was distorted. The body was still warm, but pulsation must have ceased on the instant that the ball struck.—The flow of blood was immense—owing, in a measure to the alcohol which had emboldened the poor devil to face, what, when sober, he always had a childish dread of—a musket.

As I looked, I shuddered. A few days before, I had pointed a musket at that very negro—but at his earnest solicitation forbore to cock and snap it. I looked at the gun which had caused his death—it was the identical piece.—It differed from the rest, and was left on board by a soldier, on the voyage previous, when the brig had been used as a transport;—*charged.* We examined the forecastle, and every object in the range of the shot, to find where it struck, after killing the steward, but could find no trace of it. On the next day, the Surgeon and mates of the frigate United States, then laying in Callao, dissected the head. The ball was found lodged in the vertebræ of the neck, flattened. Much speculation was had among the crew, why the ball, did not pass *through* the head, was settled by Dennis, who insisted that 'It was parfickly plain. Why man, says he, the lead didn't get head-way on at all, seein it was close to the muzzle that the steward stood.'

Bill was soon taken from the water, more dead than alive. After recovering him he was perfectly quiet, although we had expected violence from him. Indeed, prostrated as his strength was, by his mental sufferings, and his forced escape from drowning, he could not but be weak. The soldier, a raw recruit, after he was made to understand that the unfortunate occurrence was purely accidental, was less uneasy—but the specimen he had seen, sickened him of his trade; and when we were collected enough to notice him it was discovered that he had removed from his clothing every thread of the red facings and slashes. He was relieved the next morning; and went ashore, minus musket and cap—how he fared at the barracks for such unsoldierlike conduct, we never knew, but it is to be presumed that he certainly did not get promoted—farther than the whipping post.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

AWARD.

To the Publishers of the New England Galaxy.

Gentlemen—We have examined the articles offered for the Prizes proposed in your paper, and award to the author of 'May Martin, or the Money Diggers,' the prize of $50 for the best tale, and to the author of the 'Ode to Silence,' the prize of $25 for the best poetical article. Not more than two Humorous pieces having been offered in competition for the prize, they were not presented for our decision.

JNO. PIERPONT,
EBEN'R. BAILEY,
J. B. FLINT,
PARK BENJAMIN,
RICHARD S. FAY.

The author of the successful tale is D. P. Thompson, Esq. of Montpelier, Vt. The author of the Poem withholds his name, and gives us instead a fictitious address.—We hope however, when we publish the poem to be able to announce the author.

The proprietors of the Galaxy, deem the present a proper occasion to acknowledge their obligations to the gentlemen who have read the articles offered in competition, and made the award.

The readers of the paper are assured that the task of the committee was no inconsiderable one,—for a very large number of articles were submitted;—and from the verbal statement of gentlemen on the committee, to the Junior editor of the paper, that nearly all the manuscripts required a thorough reading, it is perfectly safe to promise a long series of original tales; commencing next week with '*May Martin.*'

The unsuccessful writers, may, by addressing a note to the Editors, have their names published with their articles; otherwise the sealed notes will be destroyed.

The Humorous articles are subject to the order of the writers. MASTERS & MARDEN.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF AMERICA.

The Editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, treats his readers to extracts from a novel just published in Paris, entitled, 'Marie, or Slavery in the United States.—A picture of American Manners. By Gustave de Beaumont.' The hero, Monsieur Ludovic, disgusted with the political condition of his own country, and who can blame him? packs up, like the redoubtable Fiddleton of Dr Green, and seeks the United States. At Baltimore, he meets a character so very like one of Mrs Trollope's in the Refugee, that one might almost swear it identical,—only that Madame Trollope locates her Presbyterian in Rochester, N. Y. Mr Nelson has a very beautiful daughter, to whom Mons Ludovic becomes attached. The father, however, objects to the match, for the reason that he married the mother of his children in New Orleans—she was remotely descended from a mulatto, and though not a trace of her descent could be detected in the features of the girl, and though she was legitimate, and M. Ludovic's marriage would be perfectly legal and valid, by the law of the land, yet should the fact of her origin by any misfortune become known, M. Ludovic, his wife, their heirs, and descendants forever, would be considered outcasts, and denied admittance into society! All this is pure benevolence to the stranger—and the objection to the match is qualified with a proviso, that if, after a journey through the United States, M. Ludovic should adhere to his original intention of marriage, all objection on the score of suspicion of mulatto descent should be waived.

M. Ludovic starts on his tour, with a brother of his intended, and meets no mishap, except that at Philadelphia, an hereditary enemy of the family, meets Ludovic and George, the brother in law, that is to be, at one of the theatres. George is thereupon immediately kicked out, and M. Ludovic is shocked to find that no redress can be had for such an injury, in law, or honor! Notwithstanding this affair, at the end of the six months, the Frenchman claims his bride—the marriage is solemnized in a Catholic Church—but scarce is the benediction pronounced, when the devil is to pay to be sure. A mob, excited by the rumor that a white man is about to marry a yellow girl, rush to the church—the priest has a narrow escape with his life—Marie is only saved by the desperate exertions of her father and husband, and the wedding party run off to the woods, ('whether,' says Col Stone 'at Hoboken or Harlem is not stated,') and establish there a sylvan retreat.

The above is Beaumont's version of the Abolition riots of last summer—and is upon the whole, we think, a very fair satire. Upon abolition or colonization we have nothing to say—upon riots, for whatever ostensible purpose, we have never hesitated to speak fearlessly in condemnation. The Beaumont version is nearer the truth than we could expect; and the book is confirmation of the [illegible]

to pay the indemnity claimed. If 'we the people,' governing ourselves—claiming pre-excellence to be the most [illegible], enlightened, moral nation upon the footstool, cannot, by the strength of the laws, and the force of public opinion prevent tumults which would disgrace savages; we must expect that in countries whose interest it is to laud their own institutions by contrast with ours, all our peccadilloes will be magnified, social faults and crimes paraphrased, and every possible opportunity be seized to further the one great end—abuse of republican institutions.

A few *bijoux* from Col Stone's translation, and we have done. W.

'In the United States, the masses rule every thing and forever—and they are constantly jealous of any superiority that indicates itself, and prompt to break down any that has succeeded in making itself to be recognised. Middling understandings reject great minds, just as weak eyes abhor the broad light of day.'

'Every evening we all met at tea-time, and Nelson read to us, with emphasis, the newspaper articles of the day, in which America was the most lavishly extolled. Every evening I heard him repeat that General Jackson was the greatest man of the age, New York the finest city in the world, the Capitol at Washington the most splendid palace in the universe, and the Americans the first people upon earth. By dint of constantly reading these exaggerations, he had arrived at believing in them. Every American has an infinity of flatterers to whom he listens. He is flattered because he is sovereign; he swallows the flatteries because he is People. His annual courtiers are those who, at the recurrence of elections, shower their incense on him to obtain votes and places. His daily courtiers are the newspapers, which, eager for subscribers and money, pamper him with the grossest adulations. An American, however strongly you express your admiration of his country, is never entirely satisfied. Approbation in his eyes, if in any degree measured or guarded, is a hostile criticism—an unpardonable insult.'

'The American trader gains as much money of you as he can, but in no case would he receive a farthing beyond his demand, were he but the poorest keeper of a pot-house. It is just so with the workman, the messenger, the waiter of a hotel; all ask their legitimate salary—the price of their labor—but to accept more than is due, would be to receive alms—*to confess inferiority.*'

'The bankrupt of Massachusetts finds honor and fortune in Louisiana, where no one inquires of what miseries he has been the cause in another place. The inhabitant of New York, on whom the fetters of a first wedlock press disagreeably, leaves his first wife on the left bank of the Hudson, takes a new one on the right bank, and lives a tranquil bigamist in New Jersey. The thief and the forger, branded by the severe code of Rhode Island, discover, without difficulty, both employment and consideration in Connecticut. There is but one crime of which the culprit carries everywhere with him the punishment and the infamy; it is that of belonging to a family reputed to be *of color.* The color washed out, the disgrace remains. It seems as if they could divine it long after it has ceased to be visible. There is no asylum so sacred, no retreat so obscure, as to afford it shelter or shade.'

'All the world being engaged in business, that calling is esteemed the first in which most money is to be made. The business of an author being the least lucrative is, of course, the lowest. Talk to an American of Homer, or of Tasso, he cuts you down at once by asking if they did not both of them die poor? The sciences, indeed are more valued; but merely as applicable utilitarian concerns of life.

"You will find here neither classical school nor romantic school—there is but one school, the commercial, that of the gentlemen who get up newspapers and pamphlets, and advertisements, and who sell ideas exactly as their brothers do broadcloth and cotton goods—whose study is a counting-house—whose intelligence brings so much per cent. Every one who supposes himself a man of superior genius betakes himself to some higher profession—the weaker brothers find refuge in the petty concern of literature.

'Yet, few as are the *authors*, no where does so much printing go on. Newspapers are, in fact, the sole literature of the country. People engaged in business and of moderate fortune demand a species of reading which costs little either of time or of money. It is really rather an affair of stationary than one of literature."

Small Towns. Great men are always the growth of small places. To be sure they are never heard of but in large places. But that is after they are transplanted. They get their growth uncared for—unwatched—untempted—undiscouraged. Having their growth, God beckons to them; and they go where they can measure themselves with the gathered giants of a whole generation. This completes the work. In a congress of worthies—all are made up for immortality and forever. The great become greater—the small smaller. We wouldn't be understood to mean anybody in particular—not even F. O. G. S. L. S. C. here.—In small towns, the diligent and the ambitious have leisure—society at will—air exercise—just enough stimulus and no more—and opportunity for strengthening themselves by a regular course of training. They who rust there—would stagnate any where. They who languish from the first for a world to conquer—are pretty sure to languish after they get there; or die of a broken heart. All who begin to wrestle for dominion, without preparation, are wrestling but for an early death—a dishonored grave. Look through the world—go where you may—and you will find the distinguished of the earth have all grown up in a sort of brave neglect, in the wind and sunshine, the tranquility and obscurity of small places.

To begin the world aright, you must have opportunity both for study and practice. With no practice you starve—with much you are enfeebled, with too much, ruined.—With no opportunity for study, whatever you are now, what can you live to be—what *must* you be after a few years!—At best but a fortunate wealthy blockhead. With no practice what are you likely to be—the possessor of at least one ticket in the great Lottery of Life—the holder of at least one share in a chance of imperishable renown, Being prepared you may be called—being called, you may find your previous life has been best, the very best course of preparation—all your suffering, but a process of refinement and purification, without which you might have lived and died a worthless, though a wealthy blockhead. N.

Corporate Companies. If there are any of those abominable aristocratic institutions bent upon blinding the people, and throwing dust in their eyes, the Lowell Rail Road, and the South Cove, certainly are the monsters. We speak literally, not metaphorically; on the routes of the carts from the Green Estate to the Rail-road, and to the South Cove, jolting over the paving stones, the carts weep,—and by the heat of the sun their weepings soon become 'earth's salt, *sublimed*'; a breeze sends the dust flying in such wise that Zahara is not a circumstance to it. Oh these rascally corporations! But there is hope, in the fact that this work is so rapidly proceeding, and the removal of the hill will be completed by the middle of next month. W.

Names. What are now Exquisites were once Macaronies. You will find a reference to their characteristics, by Sheridan. Sir Benjamin Backbite has the floor if you remember:

'Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies,
Other horses are *clowns*, but these *macaronies*,
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.'

To the Macaronies after a long interval succeeded the Loungers—a class of high bred '*well dressed*' young men who would take the only chair in a room, asking a lady as they did so, if they wouldn't have it, or offering it to the prettiest girl in the room without rising. The Loungers were followed by the Dandies, and the Dandies by the Exquisites. These like their predecessors tried to distinguish themselves by a departure from all the established usages of high life. Were others exceedingly courteous and attentive, these went about the world with a stare and a shrug—hardly deigning to see or hear—and violating as by precaution all the commonest rules of good breeding, even as the loungers had done before them. But each had a way of his own—Beau Brummel had one way, and the *Beau ideal* of D'Israeli another—one was always '*well dressed*' in fact, and the other always talking about it—after the fashion of Pelham and his admirers. In striving to out-do each other, not a few capital absurdities were achieved—but their day has gone by, and the imitators of our age may hang up their fiddles. For example—one youth of 'gentle blood,' and perhaps with a 'grave, thoughtful abstraction' of countenance, on seating himself in his carriage calls out—I say—Toom—all ready, hey?. Yes, my lord—meaning the box, and adjusts himself anew for a start. Well then, have I seated myself? Yes, my lord. Then you may drive on Toom. And Toom drove on accordingly. Another having asked a young lady at a long table to take wine with him, called to the footman behind his chair—Fellow, does she bow? Yes, my lord. Oh, she does, hey?—Your very good health ma'am! N.

Noah's correspondent states that a Mr Vandenhoff, who lately made a failure at Drury Lane, intends to star it in America. Noah's correspondent guesses he 'won't take.' [illegible] Yankees will not worship fallen stars—if they know it. W.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

Indian Nullification, *or the pretended riot explained*, is the title of a small volume just published by Wm Apes, pastor of the Marshpee tribe. It contains a history of the late troubles in Marshpee, and an exculpation of the author from certain charges brought against him in the newspapers. The book exhibits considerable powers of argument and a vein of sarcasm, together with quite too much crimination. How far a man who has been unjustly persecuted and calumniated may be justified in this, is for the reader to decide. The work is also rather witty, and in our opinion worth reading. There will no doubt be some, however, who will think the affairs of a few Indians on Cape Cod unworthy their attention. W.

La Revue Française for May, '35. Our readers ought to know what they *can* have for their money's worth; and therefore instead of a common puff, we shall give them a list of the articles in this number—the best of all possible puffs. 1. A campaign of Napoleon. 2. Germany. 3.—An Episode of the civil war in Spain. 4. Mexican Antiquities. 5. Souvenirs of an Old *Growler*. 6. Ugo Foscolo. 7. Visit to Lady Hester Stanhope. 8. The black coat of a man of genius. 9. Duke de Leuchtenberg. 10. The influence of names. 11. Death of Admiral Villaneuve. N.

The Harpers. The publishing house of these gentlemen, the largest in the United States, is getting to be one of the topics of letter writers and travellers in New York. A work is run through the press, bound and ready for the counter in their establishment in an incredibly short space of time. No neglect, or, slovenliness of appearance attends this expedition—books from their press, being for neatness, correctness, and where it is aimed at, elegance, second to no publication in the union. They have now in press second editions of Miriam Coffin and the Yemassee—new and elegant uniform editions of Paulding, Bulwer, Hannah More and Mrs. Sherwood. The latter has reached its tenth volume, having been published volume by volume as it was printed, and is on sale at the store of Messrs Russell, Odiorne & Co.

To this house, more than to any other in the union, are we indebted for the improvement in the style of printing books, which has taken place within a few years.—It is a gratification, not to be slighted, to read good matter on handsome pages,—and a man is in better humor with a passable volume, and may forbear totally condemning a poor work, when its mechanical execution is neat. Success then to the Harpers, so long as their imprint is a guarantee for neatness and correctness of typography—for like charity, they cover a multitude of sins;—success to every enterprising publisher in the union, and a speedy acquaintance with them all. W.

Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate. Utica. Edited by the Rev Messieurs Skinner, Grosh and Smith. Verily, verily these preachers of Universalism are getting a-head famously. Their papers—to say the least of them, are equal to any we meet with—of a sectarian character; and that we take it is saying a good word for any paper, Evangelical or otherwise. But—in the name of all that is fair and honest, what right has a Universalist paper to the title of *Evangelical?* Ask the adversaries of Universal salvation. Let them explain the mystery if they can. Will they not declare it an infringement of their copy-right? a trespass on their monopoly? But never mind—the paper is a good paper, Evangelical or not—and we are glad of an opportunity to recommend it—especially as we find the *hit* we received not long ago, about 'A Universalist if anything'—was meant for somebody else. N.

School-books for Children—*with pictures.*—Fun is fun—but the truth is sometimes funnier by far than the best fun you ever see invented. For example—we vouch for the following facts. A boy was put to reading in a child's book—*with illustrations*, and he spelt as follows:—T-o-p—*tunnel!* G-a-t-e—*cage!* C-h-i-s-e-l—*screw-driver!* M-a-l-l-e-t—*hammer!* (The little fellow had seen a screw-driver, a hammer and a tunnel and was therefore able to read at sight—unluckily, however, he had never happened to see a top, a mallet or a chisel.) All these words were spelt and pronounced with a free, loud voice and confident look, showing that the child was perfectly satisfied with himself—and with his instructor.

Women. How unjust we are to women! Most men who really study, *begin* to study after the age when women are married. But women cannot study *after* marriage. What do men know before *twenty-five*? About as much as women before eighteen. Look to the opportunities and the encouragement of man. Rivalry—conversation—clubs—lectures—learned associations—always living, talking, and listening—and always in the open air. Look at the opportunities and encouragement of women—most of them pass their lives, almost from necessity in a room of perhaps twelve or fifteen feet square; always surrounded by the same objects—the same faces—the same cups and saucers. To embroider and work muslin—to whip children and change the servants—nay, to suckle fools and chronicle small beer, is not to be *educated.* And yet our young whipper-snappers affect to laugh at the understandings of women—fools!—Give women but half their opportunities, or a little of *their* encouragement, and they would outstrip nineteen twentieths of the men about them. N.

Steamer Bangor. We perceive by a notice in some of the papers that a meeting of the Stockholders is called for Wednesday afternoon next, to consider the expediency of creating new stock, and to empower the directors to purchase another boat to run in connexion with the Bangor. The project of the purchase of another boat is cheering evidence of the prosperity of the enterprise which connects our city with her eastern neighbors—neighbors emphatically, since the opening of steam navigation.

Talking of steamers, we must not forget the General Lincoln, Capt. Beals. Hingham people, and those whose business calls them to that town have no need to be told that the Steamboat is the best conveyance:—our present object is merely to inform those who wish to make a pleasure excursion, that Capt. Beal is one of the best men—his boat one of the tidiest—and his route one of the pleasantest in the harbor.

We are glad to perceive also, that the advantages of direct water conveyance to Portsmouth are beginning to be appreciated, and that the steamer Citizen, Capt. Clendenin, is beginning to do a good business. W.

Children! Hardly a day passes now without an addition to the store of anecdotes we have been gathering for years—buds and flowers rather, of which at some future period an imperishable wreath may be woven—a chaplet of stars for the planets of another age, and of another world. When the philosophers that are now nestling in the bosoms of their mothers, have begun to put forth their strength, and to make up *their* jewels for the sky, these little blossoms may be more valued than rubies. Time and again have we been stopped in the street, or the crowded thoroughfare—yea at the church door, with some new and beautiful illustrations of our favorite study. Collectors are about us on every side—embellishments pour in upon us, through a thousand channels. It is only yesterday that a man six foot high, the least inch, ran up to us all out of breath, to say a little fellow—his own we'd swear—complained to his mother on being burnt, that there was *pepper* on his leg. Poor fellow! No wonder he thought so. Perhaps he had tasted a West-India pepper, or been doctored by a thoroughbred follower of our friend Dr Thomson. N.

Bathing. It is high time to begin to think of bathing as a *luxury.* As a healthy practice, it is necessary the year round,—but it is particularly pleasant when the Thermometer ranges from 80 to 100 in the sun. Braman, Charles street, at the foot of Chestnut, has every thing arranged in the best style for the accommodation of his customers. W.

Diet. As with physical, so with intellectual food.—There must be changes. One study—one dish. Well has it been said that they who drink beer—think beer. Who has not heard of the *toujours perdrix!*—the everlasting partridge? There's a moral for ye! One sort of food, cooked always in the same way—one sort of study, pursued always in the same way—and you are certain to spoil both body and soul. 'Stick to roast potatoes,' that's the cry. 'Stick to Logarithms! that's ours. Eat nothing else! they say. Read nothing else! we say. Are you a *Gray-mite*, sir? No Ma'am—I'm not a *grey-mite*, nor *grey-ite*, so far as I know or believe. N.

Maelzel, winds up his machinery five nights a week;—on Friday night it runs down, Musical Lady, Automaton Dancers, Fiddlers, Devils, Serpents, Spiders, Humming Birds, Magicians, and all the rest—too numerous to mention,—that evening being the last in this city.—To be sure they are to be put in motion again—but like Hackett's watch they will only go where they are carried; and that will be out of the city. So, ladies curious, and gentlemen complaisant, the former of whom, wish to gratify themselves, and the latter to gratify the ladies, must call upon the magician during the week. W.

THE INDEPENDENT BEGGAR.

PAINTED BY S. WALDO.

No. 17, Athenæum Gallery.

The devil take such impudence,
Why how the fellow stares!
As if we were his tenants, all
A twelvemonth in arrears.
I owe you nothing—prithee why
That saucy look at me?
Nor is my friend Bob in your debt—
You can't *a tailor* be!

Blockhead! with aspect unabashed
You eye the *ladies* too!
Dost think they'll brook such impudence
From such a thing as you?
They like assurance it is said,
(And nothing can be truer,)
But hang it, yours is quite *too* bad—
'*Assurance* doubly sure!'

Why there is—dash—and—dash—and—dash
(See Fanny Kemble's book)
Would pledge you all their *ready cash*
If you'd but teach *that* look!
That is—they'll show you where the hat
The coat, the vest, the breech,
The boot, the spur, the saddle-horse
May all be had—*on tick.*

Don't want 'em, hey? Egad, you're right,—
Diogenes himself
Had lost his independence, if
He'd found the tailor's shelf.
Your goods and chattels none may steal
Nor officer attach;—
The grievous rents in your attire
Will longer last than patch.

Adieu, adieu, my hearty one,
Adieu my bully rough:—
I will not bid a 'fare-you-well!'
For you *fare well enough!*
That bone denuded of its meat
That porridge dish quite dry
Are tokens plain that you have dined
Better, by far, than I. W.

STREET SKETCHES.

Why go abroad? why invent? Our very highways—every thoroughfare—every hour of the day—every step furnish you with abundant material—with the naked facts.—Be faithful! Go to the door and tell what you see—or sit by your window and tell the truth and you may make the pleasantest book, the most delightful picture that was ever made by mortal man.

Wedding Spurs. Look here—these are my weddin' spurs.

Indeed!—they appear to have been well used.

That they are!—And well kept too I promise ye: that's my wife you see there.—I say, wife!—this way if ye please—and you too Hannah. This is Mr Nehemiah Pettingill—Mr Nehemiah Pettingill that's my wife—and that's our Hannah—hold up your head Han—where's your pocket-hankecher, hey?—want to make yer old father ashamed of ye afore company, *hey?*—Likely gal though, (winking to me) likely gal though, for all that. No, no friend—I forget your name—

Cutter, sir—Cutter.

Well, friend Cutter, I aint one o' them are husbands that keep their wives in a bandbox—jest as soon have her fixed into an eight day clock case, with a door to open. If I have a wife o' my own, I want her for every day, and day long—as between you and me [illegible]—I forget yer name—

Cutter, sir.

Yes to be sure, Cutter.—Wal Mr Cutter, if you're goin to be married as I heard somebody say jest now—tho' it's none o' my business—(I bowed)—you'll take a fool's advice, and buy a pair o' weddin spurs—never come amiss, whether you want em right away or not—always handy in a large neighborhood; for my part there's no telling how much mine have been lent out, and always to advantage—haint they wife? What are you sniggerin at Han? Stop you slut you! If you don't stop, I'll tan yer hide for ye!—Stop, I say!

Think's I to myself—whip an spurs too—or I miss my guess.

What's that noise about, hey? What's yer shoulders hunched up to your ears for?

I was only a laughin a leetle, father.

Laughin!—I thought you was choppin wood. Come along here—what are you doin of now? where've ye ben?—what ails ye? Mr Pettingill that's our Jerry—our Jerry, that's squire Pettingill—you've hearn o' squire Pettingill, haint ye? Why don't ye bow you dog you! knocks of his hat. And this, turning to me—this here chap's Mister—Mister—Wal I declare if I haint forgot your name again!

Cutter, sir.

And this is Mr Cutter, Jerry—and Mr Cutter, that's our Jerry—stand up straight you blockhead you!—What's yer hands there for, hey? always etarnally in your breeches pockets—get out, will ye?

Off started Jerry, head first, and I hurried away, more and more satisfied about the efficacy of wedding spurs, with a riding whip to match. N.

DUMONT'S BENTHAM.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

BY JOHN NEAL.—WITH NOTES.

CHAP. XIII.

Sacrifices of Security to Security.

This title may appear enigmatical at first; but the meaning of the riddle is easy to find.

There is an important distinction to be made between the ideal perfection of security, and practicable perfection. The first requires that nothing shall be taken from anybody. The second is accomplished, if nothing more be taken than is required for the preservation of what is left.

This sacrifice is not an assault upon security; it is merely a defalcation. An assault is an unforeseen shock, an evil not to be calculated, an irregularity with no fixed principle: it appears to endanger all the rest, it produces a general alarm. But defalcation is a deduction, fixed, regular, necessary, which is expected, which produces but evil of the first order, but no danger, no alarm, no discouragement for industry. The same amount of money, according to the manner in which it may be levied upon the people, will have the one or the other of these characters, and produce in consequence, either the destroying effects of insecurity, or the vivifying effects of confidence.

As to the necessity of these defalcations, it is evident.—To work and to guard workmen are two different operations, and for a time incompatible. It is therefore necessary that they who produce wealth by their labor, should give us some portion of it for the support of the guardians of the state. Riches can be defended only but at their own charge.

Society attacked by enemies, either foreign or domestic, cannot maintain itself but at the expense of security, not only against such enemies, but against those who are employed to defend it.

If there are men who do not perceive this necessary connexion, it is in that respect as in many others, the wants of to day eclipse those of tomorrow. Government altogether is but a tissue of sacrifices. The best is that in which these are least. The practical perfection of security is a quantity which tends forever toward ideal perfection without ever being able to reach it.

'We are not to take from the people what they want, for the imaginary wants of the state.'

'Imaginary wants are those which the passions and weaknesses of those who govern require, the charm of an extraordinary project, the sick longing of vain glory, [illegible] those who with an unquiet spirit, serve under the [illegible]

...head of affairs, mistakes the wants of the state, for the wants of their own little minds. (1)

The author of the *Persian letters*, has *trop fait de satires* in the *Spirit of Laws*. What learn we by this satirical description? If Montesquieu had condescended to make a simple enumeration of the true wants of the state, we should better understand what he means by imaginary wants.

I shall now give a list of cases in which the sacrifice of a portion of security, in fact of property, is necessary to preserve the greater mass.

1. General wants of the state for its defence against external enemies.

2. General wants of the state for its defence against delinquents or interior enemies.

3. General wants of the state for relieving physical calamities.

4. Compensation at the charge of delinquents, in the shape of punishment, or in the shape of indemnity for the party injured.

5. Encroachment upon the property of individuals, for the developement of powers to be exercised against the above mentioned evils, by Justice, the police, and the military.

6. Limitation of the rights of property or of the use that every proprietor may make of his own goods, to hinder their being hurtful either to others or to himself.

The necessity of every case is too palpable to need proof. But we are to observe that the same reservations apply equally to other branches of security. We cannot for example maintain the rights of the person or of honor, but by penal laws; and penal laws can only operate at the expense of the person or of honor.

(1.) A general right of property is possessed in a thing, when it may be applied as we like, except to certain purposes, which are *interdicted for special reasons*. These reasons may be referred to three heads.

1. Detriment private, when such use of the thing would injure some other individual, either in his fortune or otherwise. Sic utere tuo ut alium non lædas—sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas.

2. *Detriment public*, that which may result to the community in general. *Sic utere tuo ut rem publicam non lædas.*

3. Detriment to the individual himself. Sic utere tuo ut temet-ipsum non lædas.

This sword is mine in full property; but full and complete as is that property for a thousand purposes, I ought not to employ it, either to wound my neighbor, nor to cut his clothes, nor to brandish it as a signal for insurrection to the overthrowing the government. If I am a minor or a maniac, it may be taken away from me, for fear that I may do mischief to myself with it.

An absolute and unlimited right of property to any object whatever, would be the right of committing almost every crime. If I have such a right to the stick I have just cut, I may employ it as a mace to knock peasants on the head, or convert it into a sceptre and make it the symbol of royalty, or an idol to offend the national religion.

* Esprit des Loix liv xiii. c i.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN.
FROM EUROPE.

Yesterday, the packet ship Albany, Hawkins, from Havre, and the Britannia, Waite, from Liverpool, both arrived—the former bringing the editors of the Gazette Paris papers to the 25th of April, and the latter London papers of the 28th and Liverpool of the 1st of May.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

We find nothing in these papers of political interest, excepting the speculations of a French editor on the subject of the Treaty of Indemnity.

The cotton market was a farthing worse than it was at the date of our former advices.

It is stated that some difficulties had occurred in France, arising out of the passage of the American Indemnity Bill and that the King of France intended to send out Gener. Bernard on a confidential mission to the American Government.

Three ships which arrived at Trieste from Alexandria, brought letters which express the greatest alarm respecting the frightful increase of the plague; not only in Alexandria but in all parts of Egypt. At Alexandria, the number of deaths were from 200 to 210 daily. The greater part of the ships which were to take cargoes of cotton had suddenly left the port without waiting for their cargoes, of the ships that have arrived at Trieste, two are empty; the third, which had previously taken a cargo of cotton on board, was immediately ordered from Trieste to Venice, to perform some months' quarantine.

On the evening of the 2d April, there was another explosion of Vesuvius. The shocks were so violent that the craters vanished, and were all united into one frightful abyss. Immense masses of rock were projected to a vast height, and fell like a tremendous shower on the ribs of the mountain. At Torre del Greco, and the environs, great fears were entertained; but the explosion was of short duration and at one o'clock in the morning the mountain was quiet.

The Journal du Havre of the 25th says: "Commodore Elliott, of the American frigate the Constitution arrived here this morning from Paris. It is believed that the Constitution will sail this evening, not to rally in the Mediterranean the American squadron, which it had orders to join in case the indemnity should not be voted, but to return direct to New York."

The London Globe of the evening of the 28th of May, gives extracts from Paris papers of the 25th and copies the following from one of them:

"The affair of the American Indemnity bill, always embarrassing as between the ministers and the chamber, has now become, it is understood, an apple of discord in the cabinet itself. It is no longer a mystery that the vote of money, coupled with the offensive condition appended to it by M. Valaze, of not making any payment till satisfaction be made by the President for the offensiveness of his Message, has failed altogether of propitiating the American Ambassador, who openly declares that such a vote is more degrading than a flat refusal to pay at all—for one would be simple injustice whilst the other is an insult. The report of Mr. Livingston's being about to leave Paris has been strengthened, and the Havre paper affirms that he is expected at that port immediately. Commodore Elliott, upon his arrival, went straight on board the Constitution frigate and weighed for Cowes to take in water, communication with the French shore having been so strictly prohibited during his absence, that the crew did not dare to send a boat off even for the necessary supply of fresh water. He was expected to return without delay and take the Ambassador on board. The bill itself had not yet found its way into the Chamber of Peers; but as a special sitting of that assembly was summoned for Monday it is understood that it would be then brought before them. Another paper says, Mr. Livingston's baggage has quitted the American Embassy.

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At the late election of a member of the House of Commons in Taunton, Mr D'Israeli, the author of Vivian Grey, presented himself as the Conservative candidate in opposition to Mr Labouchere. His speech to the electors appears to have been so interrupted by the crowd, as to have assumed the character of a dialogue. 'Didn't you write a novel?' cried a voice. Mr D'Israeli said 'he hoped there was no disgrace in being engaged in the pursuits of literature.' Voice: 'You're a curiosity of literature.' 'If there is any thing,' continued Mr D. 'on which I pique myself, is my consistency.' Voice: 'And the novel.' Mr Labouchere was elected.—*Daily Advertiser.*

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday: George Savage was nominated and appointed an Assistant Assessor for Ward No. 12, in place of Luther Felton, who has removed from the city. Hon. John Pickering was unanimously re-elected City Solicitor; Samuel H. Hewes, Superintendent of Burial Grounds and Cemeteries; Doctors John C. Warren, Benjamin Shurtleff, George Hayward, John Randall, and George C. Shattuck, Consulting Physicians; John B. Braid, Pound keeper at South Boston. Monday next was assigned for the choice of nine directors of the House of Industry. The board concurring with the Common Council providing for the building an iron fence around the Common, providing the city shall be reimbursed two thirds of the expense of doing the same, and the Mayor and Alderman Gurney were joined to the committee of the Common Council, consisting of Messrs. Chapman, Means, and Gray, to carry the same into effect; and said Committee were instructed to conform to the plan and report submitted to the City Council, and before they proceed, to report what sum has been subscribed by individuals, and what sum it will be necessary for the city to provide, to complete their third part.

An order passed, directing a wooden fence to be constructed around the Mall on Fort Hill.

Warrant was granted to Ephraim L. Snow, as Foreman of Engine No. 14. An order passed directing the acting Chief Engineer to cause two suction engines to be built—one for Engine Company No 7—and one for Engine Company No 13.

Petition of H. H. & A. R. Fuller, for a license for a circus on Haverhill street. Referred. Petition of the Worcester Railroad Corporation, to close Front street during the time they shall take to construct their road across said street. Referred.

An order passed directing the City Marshall to cause [illegible]

The City Solicitor was instructed to investigate and report as soon as may be, the state of the city's rights as to the outlets of drains and sewers through the lands formerly the Millpond. Thursday evening next, at 8 o'clock, was appointed for the election of City Treasurer in Convention.

Execution was done on five of the Spanish Pirates on Thursday. Benardo de Soto is reprieved for 60, and Francisco Ruiz for 30 days—the latter on account of insanity.

The annual meeting of the Bunker Hill Monument Association will be held at Faneuil Hall on Wednesday next, the 17th of June, at 11 A. M.

At half past 10 o'clock yesterday morning, a small building on Front street, owned by the South Cove Company, and occupied by several Irish laborers, was partially damaged by fire. The occupants had made a fire on a piece of sheet iron, which, when heated, ignited the floor.—[Briggs' Bulletin.

EMIGRANTS. A vessel arrived at this port on Monday night, and landed at Liverpool wharf, from 40 to 60 Irish passengers, men, women, and children, together with their baggage, and has sailed again. The passengers refused to give any information respecting the vessel, or from whence they came, and their baggage is now under seizure of the Customs.—*City Hall Books.*

It has been ascertained that the vessel which brought the above passengers, is the schooner Caroline Shute from Eastport. The Captain has been apprehended, and held to answer for the offence.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAILROAD. The first trip with passengers was made on Thursday from this city to Providence, in two hours and twenty-five minutes, including five stoppages, one of which occupied more than 15 minutes. After this day, the cars will leave for Providence at 9 o'clock, A. M. instead of 8, as heretofore.—*Post.*

We understand that the Boston and Worcester Rail Road is to be opened to Worcester, on the 2d of July.—*Merc.*

RIOT IN HARTFORD. There had been symptoms of disturbance between some low whites and blacks in Hartford, Conn, but no tumult occurred till the night of the 9th, when a negro fired a heavily loaded gun into a crowd.—Two young men and a female were wounded, and the negro was arrested. After following him to the watch house, and seeing him securely confined within its walls, the mob returned and pulled down the house the negro occupied.—Seventeen large shot have been extracted from the body of one of the young men.

The books of subscription to the stock of the new Charleston Bank, were closed on the 2d inst. Capital of the Bannk $2,000,000. The amount subscribed reached the enormous sum of $89,449,300. Consequently, each subscriber receives about 1-45th part of the amount of his subscription.—*Trans.*

The Journal of Commerce of Thursday says, "The Boston Fusiliers arrived this morning in the steamboat from Providence, and paraded in the Park. They make a fine appearance."

The Bangor brought more than 300 passengers on her last trip, and as the Hotels here were nearly full, and some of them quite so, before her arrival, there was a scrambling among the passengers as soon as they were landed, for quarters; many of them were obliged to return on board again. We are in need of another Bangor House, and we understand that some gentlemen are already moving in the business.—*Bangor Whig.*

The Ogdensburg Times States that a car is now exhibiting on the Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad, propelled by a horse walking inside of it; so that instead of a horse travelling before the car, as formerly, he now travels inside the carriage, and propels the car at the rate of a mile in four minutes.

Despatches were received last night from the American Legations at Paris and Madrid. Mr Livingston was still at Paris on the 23d of April, at which time the affair of the indemnity remained in the same state. The appropriation had not yet been taken up in the House of Peers.

The frigate Constitution had gone over to Portsmouth to take in water, and was expected at Havre in a few days where she was to wait for Mr Livingston.—*Washington Globe.*

FIRE AT CHARLESTON, S. C. A destructive fire occurred in Charleston, S. C.—breaking out at 12 o'clock on the night of the 5th inst. The Charleston Patriot speaks of it as the work of an incendiary, as Mr. Sheppard, on whose premises the fire occurred, never used a light in his shop. The number of dwelling houses and stores destroyed is 182—including out buildings 374.—The time occupied by the conflagration, was nine hours, and it was only arrested by blowing up, and pulling down buildings. The streets in which it principally raged, were Meeting, Hasell, Market, Ellery, Guignard, Pinckney, Anson, and Maiden Lane. Most of the buildings were of wood, but there were some valuable buildings destroyed.—Very many poor were made houseless. Among the public buildings destroyed were St. Stephen's Chapel, and the Baptist Lecture room. There was not much wind, but owing to the combustible nature of the buildings, and the narrowness of the streets, the flames spread with fearful rapidity.

☞OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF ENGINEERS, June 10, 1835.

Whereas, it appears from the Resolutions adopted at a meeting last evening, of the past and present members of the Boston Fire Department, that the object and purpose of the recent Report of this Board is not understood, nor correctly represented. Therefore,

Resolved, That our sole motive and object was to counteract what we conceived to be any erroneous impressions which might be produced by a late Report of the Committee on the Fire Department, and expose the defects of the existing Ordinance.

Resolved, That we disavow the most remote intentions of doing injustice to our late commander, having up to the last moment of his official existence (January 23) given him on all occasions, that true obedience and support which duty required.

Resolved, That we are as ready and willing to bear testimony to the faithful services of Col. T. C. Amory (separate from the internal concerns of this board) while Chief Engineer, up to January 23, as the *past* or any other members of the Department.

Resolved, That the assertion of the resolutions above named, that the recent report of this Board "finds no response from any unprejudiced members of the department," is not only untrue, but a gross imputation upon the great body of the department, especially the officers who have at a public meeting expressed their concurrence in and approbation of said report, which is now on file in this office.

Resolved, That we regret, and have ever regretted the necessity imposed upon us of exhibiting the deplorable organization and situation of this Board, to any other view than that of the City Council, especially as this could not be done without reflecting, directly or indirectly, upon the extraordinary powers exercised by the late incumbent.

Resolved, That if the late incumbent did exercise, with extraordinary talents, with perfect skill, equity and discretion, the sole and absolute powers of the present ordinance, which was drafted by himself, we have no assurance that his successors, in all time to come, will be men of such transcendant ability and virtue.

Resolved, That we regret that the past and other members did not confine themselves to the business and purposes for which their meeting was called, but have presented an example in denouncing the constituted authorities of the Fire Department, the tendency of which is to bring disobedience and division into the present united ranks of the Department—a tendency that cannot be too much deprecated by the friends of good order and sound principles.

Resolved, That the late Chief Engineer, for his long continued and ungrateful abuse of the members of this Board, in a public Insurance office in State street, and elsewhere, *after his retirement from office*, merely for entertaining a different opinion in relation to the new ordinance from himself, does not entitle him to our utmost gratitude as citizens, and to our respect and freindship as members of the Fire Department.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Engineers, the above Preamble and Resolves were read and unanimously adopted, and ordered to be printed.

june 13 RICHARD A. NEWELL, Sec'y.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Gilbert O'Reilly, of Augusta, Me. to Ann M. Whitcomb; Wm Hatch to Mary Ann Dearborn; Alvan Rodgers to Mary D. Foster; Bradley N. Cummings to Susan T. Wells; Francis G. Shaw, of the firm of R. G. Shaw & Co., to Sarah B. Sturgis; Wm G. Fletcher to Eliza Ann Furrs; Daniel Peterson to Mary Ann Lothrop; Horace C. Coy to Olive H. Dearborn; John Hanson to Emeline Augusta Bissell; Robert Underwood to Mary Ann Whiting.

At Roxbury, Simeon Ruslst to Abby B. Mead.

At Charlestown, John Mitchell Jr to Sarah Chase.

At Braintree, Stephen Arnold Esq. to Maria White.

At Watertown, Gardner Aldrich to Mary Cook.

At Salem, Benajah Cross to Emily Nye; Wm Reeves to Jane F. Valer; Stephen Burchmore Jr to Mary T. Ward.

At Gloucester, John C. Calef to Eliza B. Haskell.

At Wayland, William T. Haven to Sarah H. Allen.

At Falmouth, Hon Braddock Dimmock to Mrs Sarah Lewis; Rev James D. Lewis, of North Reading, to Eunice R. Jenkins.

At Newport, Dr J. J. Fales of Boston, to Caroline L. Hammett.

At Kingston, R. I., John O. Brown, of Charlestown, to Amelia E. Clarke.

At Governor's Island, N. Y., Charles McBurney, of Boston, to Rosine Horton, formerly of Boston.

At New York, Geo M. Snow, of this city, to Frances Maria Jackson.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Lydia W. Pierce, formerly of Marblehead, 21.

At South Boston, Hannah Somers, of Billerica, 18.

At Waltham, Samuel Harrington, 67; Mrs Catharine Ann Porter, 28.

At Salem, Mrs Sally Upton, 40; Miss Mary Grant, 70.

At Lexington, Almira Locke, 16; Mary Ellis, 29.

At Hingham, Daniel Thaxter, 76; Sarah Dering [illegible], 19.

At Lancaster, Mrs Dolly, wife of Josiah Flagg, Esq.

At Newport, Rev Michael Eddy, 75, for 48 years Pastor of the First Baptist Congregational Society in N.

At Gill, 3d inst. Mr Amasiah Ballard, 81. Mr B. [illegible] many years has been remarkable for corpulency. His body, although somewhat thinned by a short sickness, and clad only in a light covering for the grave, weighed 388 lbs.

At Fryeburg, Me. Gen James W. Ripley, formerly a member of Congress from Oxford Co.

At Portsmouth, Va. Lt Samuel B. Cocke, U. S. Navy.

At Columbia, S. C. Gen Francis Preston, of Abingdon, Va. 70, father of Hon. Wm C. Preston, U. S. Senator from S. Carolina.

At New Orleans, Hugh Rainagle, Artist of the American Theatre, aged about 46.

At sea, May 29th, on board schr Samuel, on the passage from Curacoa to New York, where she had been for the benefit of her health, Miss Eliza S. only daughter of Capt. John Soter of Boston, 19.

WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE FRIDAY, THE 19th INST.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION,
CONCERT HALL.

THE MORNING EXHIBITION, consisting of the splendid pieces of mechanism: *THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE DRAWING AND WRITING FIGURE; THE MAGICIAN; THE ROPE DANCER; The SELF WALKING FIGURE, &c. &c.*
Takes place every day between 11 and 1 o'clock.

The EVENING EXHIBITION of *THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE MELODIUM; THE MECHANICAL THEATRE; THE TRUMPETER; THE ROPE DANCERS AND SPEAKING FIGURES; THE TOURNAMENT AND THE PHYSIORAMIC PYROTECHNICON.*
Commences every evening, (Saturday excepted) at 8 o'clock.
Admittance to each Exhibition, 50 cents; children half price.
☞For particulars, see small bills. june 13

NEW YORK STYLE.
FINE PALM LEAF HATS.—*GEO. W. EDMANDS*, No. 40, Hanover st., under the American House, has just opened a large lot of Palm Leaf Hats, of a superior kind, trimmed, stiffened and shaped in the city of New York, of the latest style in that city, which he will sell by the dozen or single at the lowest prices. 3t june 13

TABLE D'HOTE
AT THE HOWARD STREET HOUSE.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that in addition to his Coffee Room he has fitted up a large Dining Hall, where he intends, for the Summer months, to keep an Ordinary for the accommodation of those gentlemen who may be pleased to extend to him their patronage. Dinner will be served at quarter past 2 o'clock precisely, and the table furnished with all the luxuries of the season. Wines of the very best quality, and of every description, can always be had.
The situation being one of the most airy and retired in the city, the subscriber has been induced to make the above arrangement, believing that gentlemen living in the vicinity, will find his establishment one of the most pleasant in warm weather. Gentlemen wishing to dine at any particular hour, can be accommodated at the Restaurateur. JAMES RYAN.
june 13 5w

CHANCES AND CHANGES;
A DOMESTIC STORY, by the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." In two volumes 12 mo. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st. june 13

WATCHES & JEWELRY.
THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.
Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.
june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

FASHIONABLE
HAT WAREHOUSE.
HALL & CO. No. 10, Washington street, offer for sale on such terms as cannot fail to suit purchasers, a large and extensive assortment, of all shapes and prices, of Satin Beaver, Fur, and Wool HATS. Always on hand, Hatter's FURS and TRIMMINGS. Also, Silk and Gingham UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, at *manufacturer's prices.* 1mis may 2

BOSTON AND BANGOR
STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
A Meeting of the Stockholders of the Boston and Bangor Steamboat Company will be holden at the Exchange Coffee House, on WEDNESDAY, the 17th inst. at 4 o'clock P. M. to consider the expediency of creating new stock, and of empowering the Directors to purchase a Boat to run in connexion with the Bangor.
june 6 MOSES KIMBALL, Clerk.

EDWARD RIDDLE,
PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE.
No 2 Pleasant street Court.
Or applications may be made at J. L. Bates, Music Store No 6 Court street near Washington street. feb 28

MAVERICK HOUSE.
THE public are respectfully informed that this extensive establishment is now open for their accommodation, under the direction of the subscriber, who will make every exertion to render it worthy of patronage.
The Road to Lynn, Salem, &c. and the East Boston Ferry, are also open for public travel
J. W. BARTON.
East Boston, May 27th, 1835. may 30

RICH MUSLINS.
ONE CASE new style Printed Muslins, plaids and stripes, fast colors. Received for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, 179, Washington street. 3tis june 6

A CARD.
MR. JAMES G MAEDER begs respectfully to announce that he has returned to Town and will resume his professional avocations as before, No 36, Hancock street. april 4

REMOVAL.
MOSES WHITNEY, Watch Maker, informs his friends and the public that he has removed from No. 1 Dock Square to No. 6 Brattle Square, between the Brattle street Church and Elm street, where his customers may find their Watches previously left to be repaired, and where personal attention will be devoted to repairing Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, for all who will please favor him with their custom. 3mis march 14

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

FOR THE DEAF.
THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.
They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.
For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.
may 16 istf

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,
LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—
Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.
☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 18 is3m

NANKIN AND CANTON
STRAW CARPETING.
ELIAB STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington-street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—

2500	yards Superfine	Nankin,		6-4
2000	do	do	do	5-4
3500	do	Canton	do	6-4
4500	do	do	do	5-4

1 case German Table Matts, a new and superfine article. 4mis march 28

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.
feb7 Joy's Buildings, Room, No. 24.

EXTRA PAINT AND
VARNISH BRUSHES,
OF superior quality, manufactured on a new plan, with handles warranted fast. For sale by J. J. ADAMS, Brush Manufacturer, No. 15, Exchange st.
april 4

☞ All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Gazette. The advertiser should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise the advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

BIBLES.
SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.
THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL.
Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.
BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationary and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.
Lynn, Feb 14

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street, an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Cambletts, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings, Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.
Also a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.
ROPES & LAMSON.
R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn. sept 20.

CLOTHING.
200 DRESS COATS.
1200 pairs PANTS.
1000 VESTS;
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS
60 JACKETS.
For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 31 Dock Square.
☞Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES* and *VESTINGS.* Garments made to order in best style. tf sept 20

MARBLE MANUFACTORY,
Merrimac-street, opposite the Hay Scales, and near Union-street, Boston.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has on hand a large assortment of Marble work, consisting of—
Marble Chimney Pieces, manufactured from best Foreign and Domestic Marble,
Marble Pier and Centre Table Tops,
Marble Monuments,
Marble Tomb Stones, } for Cemeteries.
Marble and Slate Grave Stones, }
Also, aconstant supply of Free Stone, for buildings of every kind.
☞The above comprises a very extensive assortment, and will be sold on such terms as cannot fail to give satisfaction to purchasers.
feb 21 3m CHARLES HARLOW.

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C.
E. F NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.
These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

PARLEY'S ALMANAC
FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

MOROCCO WORK.
FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4

WATER PROOF PREMIUM
GOODS
INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks,—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.
KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—
100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do
300 do Common do Plain do do
Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.
☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

IMPROVED OVEN.
THE Subscriber having made an improvement upon Ovens for domestic and other purposes, respectfully asks the attention of persons who are about building or making alterations.
The improvement consists in the arrangement of the Oven and the mode of heating. The fire being applied in a sliding furnace underneath the cast iron bottom of the oven, the heat rises on one side, crosses the top, and descends on the other side through funnels of cast iron into the main flue or chimney, radiating the heat in its passage from all sides and descending below the bottom of the oven before it escapes—thus securing the greatest possible economy of heat; the whole apparatus being enclosed within a space or cavity by brick walls.
Also, in the application of a Thermometer, which enables the operator to graduate the heat and accomplish with certainty the desired results. The inventor having had one of these ovens in use more than a year, has exhibited it to several competent judges, who have pronounced it superior to any other oven now in use, and he confidently recommends it as worth the attention of those about to erect Ovens, and he will be ready at any time to exhibit and explain the same fully. The expense will be something more than the common oven, but much less than the Rumford oven, to which it will be found greatly superior.
N. B. The above is patented.
BENJ. BLANEY, Grate Manufacturer,
feb28 3m *No. 3, Congress Square*, (up stairs.)

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES
THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has now on hand a large assortment of Marble Chimney Pieces, of every variety of pattern, and of different kinds of marble, which he is determined to sell on the most reasonable terms. Having been the first to introduce this branch of Manufacture into the city of Boston, and having been constantly engaged in it, for twenty-five years, he flatters himself that he will be able to suit his customers as well at least, as those who have been acquainted with it, a 1-4 or an 1-8 of that period of time, or no time at all. He has in his employ able and experienced workmen, who understand setting Chimney Pieces as they should be set, a matter of much importance. He will also furnish Free-stone work for buildings of every description. He has also on hand Monuments for Cemeteries and Grave Stones of every kind, with a great variety of drawings and plans of the same, original and selected, at his shop in Front street, near Essex street. A CARY.
jan 24

OLD JAVA COFFEE,
ROASTED, Ground, and put up in neat canisters, ready for use, wholesale or retail. The subscriber will also attend to roast and grind Coffee at short notice, and return the same to any part of the city, free of expense, [illegible]. He also keeps constantly on hand pulverized Loaf Sugar, a beautiful article for bar or family use. All kinds of Spices ground at short notice, by J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street.
march 28

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,
HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
287, *WASHINGTON STREET.*
DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.
He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

WIGHT'S
LASTS & BOOT-TREES.
THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 38, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.
may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

NEW BOOKS.
A PICTURE OF POPERY—or a genuine account of the errors, usurpations, and ceremonies of the Romish Church. By a friend of religious truth.
The Biography of a Bottle. By a friend of temperance.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. may 30

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.
N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9.

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.
No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.
KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.
Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.
☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.
BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.
Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.
The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.
A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 23

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 195 Washington Street
sept 27 tf

RAZORS HONED, &C,
TO GENTLEMEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES.
Razors honed and warranted to cut as well as new. Also, particular attention paid to honing penknives Handles put to Razors at the subscriber's Hair Cutting Room, Bromfield street, adjoining the Bromfield House.
may 9 3t J. H. GRUSH, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.
THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. 1. Containing "A Tour on the Prairies." By Irving, author of the "Sketch Book."
The Highland Smugglers. By the author of "Persian Adventurer" &c.
The Lady Superior's Answer to "Six Months in a Convent."
Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.
Real Life. Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler, [illegible] in one volume.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. april 18

BROADCLOTHS.
NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c
For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 43 Washington street.*
THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.
This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 3m may 2

REFINED CIDER.
J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street, has on hand a large spring stock of prime Bottled Cider, which he offers for sale at wholesale or retail, also Bottled Porter, and Albany Ale; Meldrum's Ale, in quart and pint bottles; together with a variety of bottled Wines—all of which will be sold at low prices, and sent to any part of the city free of expense. tf march 14

LOOKING-GLASS, PORTRAIT, PICTURE FRAME
MANUFACTORY,
36, Union-street, (*one door West of the Baptist Church.*)
THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to attend to the commands of those who may be pleased to favor him with their business in the above line. He hopes by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage.
N. B. Particular attention paid to framing Ladies' Needle Work. Frames made for Looking Glass Plates, old frames re-gilt.
feb 28 3m JOSEPH CABOT.

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH
MOSS.
4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 29 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

CIDER.
350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by
HOLBROOK & MOODY,
No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st.
Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above
☞Cider delivered to any part of the city free of expense. 3m march 7

L. S. MARRING.
WOULD inform his friends and former customers that he has made arrangments with the ROXBURY INDIA RUBBER COMPANY, to manufacture first rate *WATER PROOF BOOTS AND SHOES*, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at their Factory in Roxbury, and would invite them to call at the Store of MR THOMAS C. WALES, No 195 Washington Street, Boston—where all the goods manufactured by him are for sale WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
N. B. All defects made good by a new Pair or Cash as the purchaser prefers. 3m feb 14

PAPER HANGINGS
MANUFACTORY,
No. 403, Washington street—entrance in Fayette Court.
HENRY WOOD, Paper-Hanger and Paper-Stainer, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to keep a good assortment of Paper Hangings of his own manufacture, of the newest and most fashionable styles, which he will warrant to be of as good workmanship and durable colors as any in the market.—He has just finished a variety of new patterns, which he will sell very low for cash.
Those in the country trade would do well to call at this establishment, where they will find an excellent assortment of the middling and low priced Satin Papers, besides a great variety of patterns, which can be made up to order at a few days notice.
H. W. would also inform the builders and holders of real estate in Boston and its vicinity, that he will contract to hang paper, or furnish paper and hang the same by the job, or by the roll, and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or receive nothing for his services.
Persons wanting any thing in his line, and finding it inconvenient to call at his manufactory, will meet with prompt attention by leaving an order in his order box at the Mechanics' [illegible] room, or at his house, No. 8, Graphic Court.
N. B. Patterns sent for selection to any part of the city. march 28

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Russia Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.
4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.
2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.
1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimities.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 3s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 3s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s per yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do. American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.
ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

NEW BOOKS.
THE PHENIX—A collection of old and new fragments.
The Complete Farmer. By Thomas G. Fessenden.
Memoir of Swartz. By Hugh Pearson, D. D.
Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.
Barnes' Notes on the Acts, Vol 2.
Esther—A religious narrative, with an original poem, by H. F. Gould.
For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133, Washington street. may 18

THE ART OF RAPID
WRITING,
EASILY AND SPEEDILY ATTAINED.
MR. FOSTER'S Rooms are at 116, Washington-street, where he continues to teach *PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING*, upon the most modern and improved principles.
YOUNG MEN are qualified for Mercantile situations in a superior and expeditious manner; their attention being exclusively directed to practical utility.
LADIES are taught a free, flowing hand, and are enabled to correct the most cramped, illegible scrawl, and ever after to write with ease and satisfaction to themselves.
This system of writing is a radical, solid improvement, productive of the most important advantages.—It presents no obstacles;—the school boy may learn to write in a few months;—the aged see their writing become young again, and are astonished at the change;—the CLERK acquires a free, rapid hand, and reaps the benefit of it in an increased salary;—the MERCHANT corrects a cramped style and is pleased at the idea of having set a good example to others; in a word *every person may learn to write with elegance and freedom.*—The day is not far distant when the art of painting words will cease to be stationary, and when we shall no longer hear the oft repeated saying, "*I could never learn to write*,"—"*French and Latin exercises have spoiled my hand*,"—"*It is impossible for me to change my illegible mode of writing, &c. &c.*"
The peculiarities of this new system consist in the application of philosophical and anatomical principles to the business of writing. Its distinguishing features are:—
1. *All slow and formal practice is abandoned, and exercises substituted, which impart a free, flowing command of pen. The letters are executed by the simultaneous movement of the hand and fore-arm combined, with that of the fingers and thumb—the arm resting lightly near the elbow—while the third and fourth fingers are used as a* MOVEABLE *support.*
2. *The learner attains a mastery of the simple and combined movements of the hand and arm, and this muscular facility enables him to write with ease, elegance and expedition.*
3. *The process is simple, rational and philosophical; easily applied to practice and easily acquired. The exercises are, from the first, performed rapidly, and in addition to great freedom and expertness, the habit of writing straight, is given and confirmed.*
4. *A uniformity of slope in the letters, and regularity in the lines. These, all will admit, to be fundamental properties of good writing.*
5. *A thorough command of hand is acquired, by which the longest words may be written without lifting the pen.—This cannot be performed by any other process whatever; and without it, there can be no such thing as free, rapid writing.*
6. *The style is bold, free, and business like; combining in an eminent degree the essential qualities of legibility, uniformity, compactness, and facility of execution.*
7. *The pupil is made acquainted with the precise object of each exercise, and by interesting his understanding, his curiosity is excited and his attention fixed, and finding at every lesson that he is making rapid progress, he requires no further incitement to persevere than the pleasure he receives in becoming, without toil or delay,* AN ELEGANT AND EXPERT PENMAN.
march 28 eow3m

MASSACHUSETTS
BOTANIC INFIRMARY.
N. B. IF SICK OR LAME,
COLDS, coughs, chronic complaints, &c &c. cured with the vapor bath and a few roots or herbs, at 554 Washington street, opposite the Worcester Rail Road Office.
Reference: Alpheus Adams, Barnstable—Joseph Converse, Brighton—John H. Young, Lowell—Capt E. Fish, Sandwich—Wm Eldrige, Harwich—Robert Schouler, West Cambridge—Henry N. Carpenter, Goshen, N. H.—Moses Nelson, Sutton N. H.—P G. Sheldon, New York—Samuel Cleaveland, New Orleans.
Together with 1400 others, principally of this city, one of which was relieved in seven hours and cured in six days of brain fever or cold and delirium, after his physician had given him up to die, and said he could not live six hours.
Another, a child sick with the croup, given over as incurable by one of the celebrated regular (diplomized physicians, and thought to be dying before I saw it, relieved in fifteen minutes well enough to ride out in three days, and recovered entirely in a short time.
Another—a gentleman who had been confined to his bed for some time, with the rheumatism—relieved so as to be able to walk, in twenty-four hours, and entirely recovered in a few weeks.
Another, of the same complaint, cured in one week after having previously been confined to his room for four months, with the same complaint, when under the fashionable mercurial blistering practice.
Another—a lady, with severe palpitation of the heart, so much relieved in one day as to regain her health in a few weeks, by using the simple medicine at her own house.
Another—a lady, who had been sick for a long time, and applied to several physicians, some of whom said she had the liver complaint, some consumption, some dyspepsia, others general debility, all of whom I think told the truth, so much relieved in one month, as to be able to sit up all day and do some work, and now enjoys comfortable health.
I might continue this list till I should weary the readers patience with numerous cures of all curable complaints, which flesh is heir to, but shall close with a general invitation to all, both sick and well, to call and see for themselves, and if they are not fully satisfied that the Botanic System of Medicine is both safe and salutary, they will be referred to any of the above persons, who are convinced from experience, that
"The simple herbs beneath our feet,
WELL US'D, relieve our pains complete."
Syrups for coughs and colds for sale, together with a general assortment of Vegetable Medicines, wholesale and retail, at fair prices. J. A. BROWN, B. P.
feb 14 tf

FRENCH COOKING.
By the DAY or REPAST, on Moderate Terms.
"Until the kitchen muse first framed her Book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every Cook.
The old and young with viands crude were plied,
And friends to physic wondered how they died."
VICTOR AGANT, an artist Cook who for the last three years has presided over the culinary department of the Tremont House, with, he trusts, some reputation, begs leave to offer his services in the line of his profession to all corporate bodies, societies, clubs, heads of families and Bachelors, who may require his aid in preparing Dinners, Suppers, wedding and other feasts. He flatters himself from his long practice and experience in the Gastronomic art that he can get up repasts in the most modern and exquisite style of the French School, to the entire satisfaction of all who may honor him with their commands, or patronize him in his endeavors to contribute to the health, comfort and pleasure of his employers.
He also takes the liberty to inform those gentlemen of Boston who have a decided preference [illegible] Cuisine Française, that he can furnish [illegible] with dinners (on being notified of their wishes the day in advance) at his house [illegible] No 4 [illegible] street, opposite Montgomery place.
nov 22 "Small but neat."

MISCELLANY.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I am coming little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark, the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden now is Spring!

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Star-like primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly,
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven;
God for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the Earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food,—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

[From the Knickerbocker.]

MAN A GREGARIOUS ANIMAL.

Our day and our country in particular, have a tendency to extremes. In driving the chariot of reform, there is danger that we drive too furiously, heat the axle, and set the whole on fire. In levelling the abuses of antiquity, there is danger that we level its uses too, and dash down the very foundations of society, when we undertake to do a thing, in our heart to do it, we are not willing to stop when it is done. Again, in using a good thing, we often use it too much, and in following out an excellent principle, we often follow it too far. Take the principle of society, for example, and see how far it is extended. If one ever doubted that man was a gregarious animal, he could not doubt it now. Every thing must now be done in flocks. The gregarious is the great principle. The difference between our state and the savage state, is, that in the savage state there is but one flock, subsisting but for one purpose,—whereas in ours, the mighty herd, moving in masses, under one control, is now divided into myriads of flocks, called SOCIETIES,—into parties of every name, hue, and character, purpose, and description, in which men herd for various objects,—and many, alas! too many,—but to save themselves the trouble of seeing, thinking, and acting for themselves. Hence, no man acts of himself and by himself; but he sounds his horn, and summons around him his clansmen, and forms a society, a party a flock. Whatever is to be done, must be done in such societies. A solitary man is a wonderful man, and lucky indeed is he, if he be not thought a fit tenant for a mad-house.—Is public opinion to be formed? First form a society,—tap the popular drum,—muster your followers,—call the roll,—act in masses. No Peter the Hermit would, now-a-days, run over the earth, and act with individual, solitary enterprise. He would form a society, and stretch off here, branch off there. Men must be herded as cattle are herded. All classes, all parties, all occupations, make use of societies for all purposes. They are formed for our heavenly as well as for our earthly good. Religion has its thousands of societies. Every denomination runs up its flag,—Baptists and Ana-Baptists,—Unitarians and Universalists, Swedenborgians and Catholics, Congregationalists and Methodists,—Episcopalians and Arminians. Each has its newspapers,—each its schools,—each its missionaries, and sub-societies.—Each bands its followers together, and rallies them under one flag. Temperance has its societies. Benevolence works by the social principle. Nothing can be done in religion, in morals, or in charity, without a society. So in business, men are herding together. Steam is managed in companies. Mines are worked in companies.—Millions of spinning jennies go in companies. The Insurance Company mocks at the calamity of fire. Canals, Rail-roads, Trusts, Savings, Life-insurance, Stocks, all are managed in companies. A man has a water-fall—[illegible] twenty more, and up go mills, manufactories, iron-works,—all in companies. One has a thousand dollars, and so has another: then a third is summoned, and up springs a Bank, an Insurance Office, a Land Company, or—heaven knows what, such is the ingenuity of man; Why, pins are made in companies, and so are needles,—and so is almost every thing we see, touch, or use, from the buttons on our coats, to the pegs in our shoes. There are card companies, thimble companies, paper companies, and water companies. But the politician outdoes all.—What societies he has of nations, states, counties, towns, districts, wards,—legislatures, twenty-four in number, all making, laws,— and then the Federal government legislating over all,—with judiciary systems, how numerous and how complex; and then his parties, conventions, caucusses, how many and how various!—of Jacksonmen and Anti-Jacksonmen, State Rights & Anti-State Rights, Federalists and Democrats, Nullifiers and Constitutionalists, Masons and Anti-Masons, Regular and Anti-Regular, Workingmen and Anti-Workingmen, Radicals and Conservatives, Tammany-men and Pewter-muggers,—all at work, cleaving down and butchering each other, calling names, framing thunderbolts, grinding out creeds, sawing off systems, roaring lustily for the public good, and——(do they not sometimes mean their own?)

A Hopeful Son.—A young man, who lives at his father's house in Broadway, and whose name, for obvious reasons, we shall not mention, returning home late one night, found the door fastened, and all the family so soundly asleep, that he could rouse no one to let him in. After ringing the bell for some time, he let drive with his foot forcibly against one of the pannels, and burst it in. Through the breach he entered, and went to his room; where, having thrown off his clothes, he came down again, as if just awakened from his sleep by some one breaking into the house. Here he made a prodigious cry of thieves! robbers! housebreakers! &c.; and fired off a pistol, which he happened to have loaded at the time.

All this noise succeeded in awakening his father and mother, the former of whom came running down stairs, in the same condition of undress in which his son appeared. He was pretty soon after followed by the old lady, with a light. The old gentleman was, for a while, struck dumb with astonishment. There stood a figure, almost "*in puris naturalibus*," with a pistol in his hand, still pointing towards the door, through which an enormous breach had been made.

But the old lady, who never wanted the use of her tongue, had no sooner appeared, than she exclaimed, "What is the matter, my dear? What's all this to-do here? A man without any clothes on! and the door broke in too! What is to pay, I should like to know?"

"I don't know, mother—I think I've paid him pretty well," replied the hopeful youth,

"Oh, it's our William," exclaimed the good woman—"I thought for all the world it was a robber."

"And do you think, mother," said the youth, "that I'd lie still and let the house be robbed, and perhaps you and father murdered to boot? No, indeed! I had my pistol ready, loaded with three bullets, and before the fellow could fairly get his head and shoulders through, I let drive, full in his face and eyes. Did'nt you hear the report?"

"Indeed I did, my son—and I says to your father, says I, 'what is that noise below?' and your father says, says he—"

"Never mind what I said, my dear," now spoke the husband, for the first time. "I'm glad the house is saved, though the door is ruined. But where's the thief Billy?—"

"Where! the Lord only knows—whether he's in heaven above, or in the other place down below.—One thing I know, I gave him the charge of four bullets full in his face and eyes."

"But where can he be now, my son?"

"Faith, father, that's more than I know. But I think if you'll look sharp, you'll see blood in the street. The fellow exclaimed, immediately after I fired, 'Oh I'm a dead man.' And before the smoke was fairly cleared away, he had disappeared. I think he must have had some comrades with him, who carried him off. Nay, I'm almost certain that was the case—for besides having five bullets in his head, I heard some one say, 'Poor Tom! he's done for.' I should'nt wonder if they took pains to kick dust over the blood, to prevent any traces of it being seen, so that they need'nt be tracked to their rendezvous."

"Very likely, my son. They're cautious chaps, these old house breakers. But what shall we do with the broken door?"

"Why, father, I'll get a bit of board and nail over it, so't will answer till morning."

While the hopeful youngster was gone for the board, the old lady exclaimed, "How much we do owe to our dear Billy, for his watchful care and astonishing courage, in preserving the house from being robbed, and perhaps our lives from being taken!"

"Humph!" replied the old man, "it may be so, to be sure; and if it was not for his notorious dissipation—his incorrigible profligacy—"

"Why will you always be harping on that, my dear? What if Billy is a little wild, or so? I dare say he's no worse than other young men; and we ought to overlook it now, since he's given such remarkable proof of devotion to our interest and welfare. He's done and saved so much for us, that I think we ought to do something extraordinary for him now."

"Well, well, my dear, he shall see no cause to repent of it."

And the old man was as good as his word; for the next morning, after sending for a carpenter to come and repair the door, he presented his brave and watchful son with a new gold repeater, (to supply the place of the one he had lately gambled away,) a fine horse and gig, and a check on the Manhattan Bank for five hundred dollars.—*N. Y. Trans.*

Lunacy not always attended with loss of Memory. A young man, a confirmed lunatic, about 16 or 17 years old, now running about our streets, unguarded and unprotected, very often affords much amusement to men, women, and children, by exhibitions of his extraordinary memory. It is said that he can repeat, correctly, any chapter in the New Testament. A few days ago we heard him, with the book before us, recite several of the first chapters of St. Matthew, (the first of which is certainly the most difficult in the whole gospel,) without omitting or adding a solitary word or syllable. We also heard him, at the same time, recite, with equal accuracy and correctness, a number of psalms and hymns. But his memory does not only retain these, perhaps old school lessons, but seems, equally retentive on every other subject—particularly the names of persons, things, and the many different places where he frequently hides or deposites parcels of his clothing, and the little toys and gowgaws which are occasionally given to him. Yet the mind of this young man, notwithstanding his apparently strong and heathful memory, is a perfect chaos. He is of sound memory, but of unsound mind.

Philip Leech is the name of this young man, and his parents, we understand, live in the Southern part of Preston county, Va., and are said to be in good circumstances. If this paragraph shall ever meet their eyes, we hope that the feelings of pride, if not of humanity and parental affection, will prompt them to send for their unfortunate son, and provide some means for his future protection.—[Wells Republican.

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Paletts: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

TO TEACHERS.

GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Guaging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf. A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy.

The work will be comprised in about 300 pages of the duodecimo form, handsomely printed on good type and paper, and neatly and strongly bound.

The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers o, School Books, Boston.

☞Orders respectfully solicited. june 6

NEW BOOKS.

COMBE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN—Revised edition. In press, and will soon be for sale by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, the edition of The Constitution of Man in relation to external objects, by Geo. Combe, materially revised and enlarged.

Voyage of the United States Frigate Potomac, under the command of Commodore John Downes, during the circumnavigation of the globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834; including a particular account of the engagement at Quallah Battoo, on the Coast of Sumatra; with all the official documents relating to the same. By J. N. Reynolds, illustrated by several engravings.

The Crayon Miscellany. By the author of the Sketch Book. No. 2. Containing Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.

Family Religion. The Importance of Family Religion with a selection of Hymns and Prayers adapted to family worship, and Tables for the regular reading of the scriptures, By Rev. S. G. Winchester, A. M.

Black Beard. A Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia. Two vols 12mo.

The Mount Vernon Reader. By the Messrs Abbott.

Japhet in search of a Father. By the author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, &c.

The Two Friends. A Novel, by the Countess of Blessington. In 2 vols.

The Conquest of Florida—by Hernando de Soto. By Theodore Irving. In 2 vols.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. june 6

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections. Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

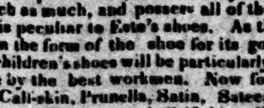
THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6



FRENCH SHOES.

THE Subscriber has for the last five or six years paid considerable attention to the French Shoes of Este's make. All that have given them a fair trial give them the preference, because they wear best and do not stretch as much, and possess all of the ease and comfort that is peculiar to Este's shoes. As the foot is dependant on the form of the shoe for its good shape, misses' and children's shoes will be particularly attended too, and made by the best workmen. Now for sale—Morocco, Kid, Calf-skin, Prunella, Satin, Sateen and Bronze Kid Slippers; Morocco and Calf-skin, Grecian ties thick Soles; Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles; kid slips thick Soles; fur lined Shoes, thin and thick Soles; misses' and children's Calf-skin, Grecian ties, thick Soles; Kid, Morocco, Calf-skin and Bronze, Kid Slippers; Bronze, Green and Black, Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles. Ladies', misses' and children's Boots and Shoes made to order. JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

198, Tremont, 6 doors from Court-street, Boston. march 14

NOTICE.

JOHN SIMMS respectfully informs the citizens of Boston and Charlestown, that he continues to manufacture the first-rate of SATIN BEAVER HATS, and keeps constantly on hand a full supply, at wholesale or retail, at No. 59, Commercial street.

☞Country dealers supplied on the most liberal terms, for cash or approved credit.

*** John Simms obtained the premium awarded by the American Institute in New York, at the last annual Fair, for the best Drab Satin Beaver Hat. 3m april 18

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT.

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The surprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomiums, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strength, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing it unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

PORK, LARD, BACON, &C.

OHIO PORK, LARD and BACON.—Barrels Clear, Mess and Prime Pork,
Do Joles and Heads do,
Lard in barrels and kegs,
Hhds Hams and Shoulders Bacon,
Bbls Sausage Skins.

Also—Boston Clear Pork in bbls and half bbls—bbls Mess, No 1 and Prime Beef—half bbls Mess and Prime Mess do—half bbls Neats Tongues &c—in lots to suit purchasers—for sale by J. & N. FISHER, at Nos 74 & 76 Faneuil Hall Market. 1m june 6

REMOVAL.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

GEORGE W. EDMANDS respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 47, Cambridge street, and taken one of those commodious stores under the American House, No. 40, Hanover street, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a large assortment of HATS, CAPS, &c. &c. which will be sold at the lowest prices, consisting of gentlemen's, youths' and children's FUR HATS, of every description and quality, and of the most fashionable patterns;

SATIN BEAVER HATS,

of this city and New York manufacture, warranted equal to any made in the United States.

CAPS of every description and quality, and variety of patterns, consisting of Cloth, Merino, Velvet, Leather, Hair Cloth, &c.

Palm Leaf HATS, of every description and quality.

UMBRELLAS and GLOVES.—Silk and Gingham Umbrellas, of different quality—buck, doe, beaver and kid Gloves.

☞G. W. E. would invite those in the city and from the country in want of any of the above articles, by the dozen or otherwise, to call and examine for themselves.

N. B.—Hats made to order at short notice.

☞Cash paid for Shipping Furs. 6t april 11

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

LADIES FRENCH SHOES.

1 CASE *FRENCH SHOES*, 'Joly's' manufacture, (*a superior article*) containing Lace Morocco Walking Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slips, bronze and other colors.

Also, one case do do 'Este's' manufacture.

The above together with a good assortment of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' *SHOES*, of every description, are offered for sale on the best terms, by

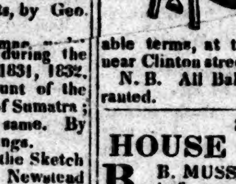
WILLIAM F. HAYNES,
march 28 ep3m 246, Washington street.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON.

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

SIX MONTHS IN A

HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

B. B. MUSSEY has now in press, and will publish in four weeks, a Narrative of Six Months in the House of Correction, by Miss Dorah Mahoney,—with reminiscences of her adventures in the United States.

Note—Though the Committee of Publication of this little work, may at all times be found ready to seal their holy religion with their blood, if necessary, the publisher thinks it his duty to stand between them and the consuming heat of popular bigotry. He therefore announces that the sufferings of Dorah Mahoney are set forth in the following pages on his sole responsibility.

N. B.—Publishers of newspapers who will publish the above, and send a copy of the paper containing the advertisement to the New England Galaxy Office, shall receive a copy of the work. tf may 9

NEW BOOKS.

THE EVERY DAY CHRISTIAN, No. 1. By T. H. Gallaudet.

The Child's Book on the Sabbath. By the Rev. H. Hooker.

COOK'S TRIAL.—Trial before the Municipal Court of Charles L. Cook, for receiving stolen goods.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. may 9

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

FOR SALE IN OHIO.

A TRACT of 18,000 acres of rich land in the town of Worthington and on the big Walnut creek, twelve miles from Columbus the seat of government Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street, upstairs.

dec 20 tf

A CARD.

MOSES FRENCH, Jr. of the late firm of Nevers & French, has removed from 65 Purchase street, to Maine Wharf, near the bottom of Summer street, where he will keep for sale, WOOD, BARK and HAY; English and Anthracite COALS, of all descriptions, and where he will be happy to supply the former customers and all those who please to call on him. may 9

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS.

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New England Glass Company—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 140 Washington street Boston. 6m nov 1

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES

FRAMED.

PERSONS about getting their portraits framed, will do well to call at CABOT'S Looking Glass Store, No 36, Union street, where they will find a splendid assortment of Frames done in the first rate manner in a great variety of patterns—likewise Prints, Paintings and Ladies' Needle Work, framed in as good a style, and as cheap as can be found in this city. Having had a long experience, both in Boston and New York, in the above line of business, and having a large assortment of Moulds of my own selection, I feel confident that all work which my friends and the public may be pleased to entrust to me will be finished to their entire satisfaction.

march 14

NEW BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MED'L SCIENCES. No. 31. May, 1835.

American Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine and Surgery, edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.

National Portrait Gallery, Nos 23 and 24, containing Portraits of Thos. Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Jas. A. Bayard, Benjamin Franklin, and David Wooster.

Received by S. COLMAN, Old Stand of Lilly, Wait & Co. 121, Washington street. may 23

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE

GALAXY OFFICE,

No 26 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

STEAM PACKET BANGOR,

CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.

BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3; from Portland to Bangor, $4, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strength, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattrasses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 28

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth - - - -	$2,00
Dover - - - -	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick -	2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THREE TRIPS A-DAY.

THE Steamboat GEN. LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.

For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber. DAVID WHITON, Agent.

Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

WILLIAM ULMAN, AGENT,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURER, and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, 232, Washington street—six doors south of Summer-street, Boston.

WILLIAM ULMAN, having a *BINDERY*, will devote his attention to binding New and Old Books of every description, at the lowest prices.

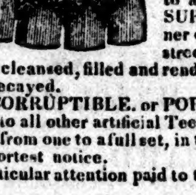
Particular care given to binding Music, gentlemen's Libraries, Newspapers, Periodicals and Pamphlets, &c.

Portfolios made to order. Paper ruled to any pattern. Printing and Engraving neatly executed.

Blank Books made to order, in the best style, at short notice.

Business and Visiting Cards executed in the best manner. may 23

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.



DR B. T. PRESCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all branches of DENTAL SURGERY, at his place, corner of Hanover and Portland streets, Boston—viz—Carious Teeth cleansed, filled and rendered equally useful as before decayed.

INCORRUPTIBLE, or PORCELAIN TEETH, in addition to all other artificial Teeth now in use, will be inserted from one to a full set, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

Particular attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth,

feb 28 3m

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city

Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B; Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

NEW BOOKS.

THE LADY'S BOOK—FOR MAY, containing original and selected Compositions, Fashions, Engravings, Music, and Embroidery.

The Infidel—or, the Fall of Mexico. A Romance, by the author of 'Calavar,' two volumes.

Thirty Years Correspondence, between John Jebb, D. D. F. R. S. Bishop of Limerick, &c. and Alexander Knox, Esq. M. R. I. A. Edited by the Rev. Charles Forster, B. D.

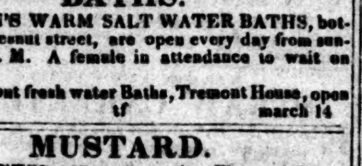
Spiritual Despotism, by the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences for May.

Fanny Kemble in America, or the Journal of an Actress reviewed—by an English Lady.

History of Eastport and Vicinity—a Lecture delivered before the Eastport Lyceum, by Jonathan D. Wesson, Esq. Counsellor at Law.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street may 23



BATHS.

BRAMAN'S WARM SALT WATER BATHS, bottom Chesnut street, are open every day from sunrise to 10 P. M. A female in attendance to wait on Ladies.

The Tremont fresh water Baths, Tremont House, open as usual. tf march 14

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality. Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

FIG'D SILKS.

JUST RECEIVED—One case figured Silks, at very low price—for sale by

E. F. NEWHALL,
feb 28 No. 179, Washington-street.

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

NEW GOODS.

CHARLES GOODWIN, No. 74 Hanover street, is constantly adding to his present assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, a great variety of new articles which he offers at a very small advance from cost among, which may be found—

Black and col'd Gro de Naples;
Do do Gro de Swiss;
French and English Bombazines;
Do do Ginghams;
Do do Prints;
Fancy Handkerchiefs;
Sewing Silk Shawls; Crape and Satin do;
Blond Gauze Veils; Merino Shawls;
Bishop Lawns; Long Lawns;
4-4 Linens, from common to extra;
7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10 4 Damask;
Linen Cambrics and Cambric Hdkfs;
A large assortment of Gloves and Hosiery;
American Prints; Shirtings and Sheetings;
Broadcloths and Cassimeres. may 2

IRISH LINEN

WAREHOUSE.

BENJAMIN JACOBS, Jr. No 44, Washington-st. has received a complete assortment of superior 7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens and 8 8, 5-4, 6-4, 10-4 and 11-4 Linen Sheetings and Pillow Case Linens. Among the assortment of 4-4 Linens will be found a very heavy and superior style, entirely undressed; a few cases extra fine for collars and bosoms of shirts from 7-6 to 11-3 per yard; a few bales extra fine Russia Diapers and Crash; together with the following extensive assortment of housekeeping articles, viz:—

Table Cloths.
4 cases DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, from 9-8 to 24-4, many of which are extra fine, with Napkins and Doilies to match.

Table Napkins.
Fine Table Napkins and Doilies; extra fine unbleached Linen Doilies; do Napkins; fine French Towels; variety of colored Doilies.

Worsted Cloths.
3 cases elegant worsted Table Cloths, variety of colours, sizes from 9-8 to 20-4; 3-4 by 5-4 worsted and cotton work table Cloths; extra fine worsted Piano Covers; Russia, Irish and Scotch Towelling, of fine quality.

Irish and Scotch Goods.
Superior 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Irish and Scotch Double Damask; white Marseilles Toilet Covers best Marseilles Quilts, sizes from 10-4 to 16-4.

American Cotton.
Best quality 7-8, 4-4, 9-8 and 5-4 American Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings.

Blankets.
Extra fine double mill'd Rose Blankets; Crib do.

Cambrics.
Super Long Lawns and Linen Cambrics.

Linen Cambric Hdkfs.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Hdkfs—among which are fine Hemstitch, plain and wrought corners, gentlemen's 4-4 extra fine, white & colored borders;

Flannels.
An extensive variety of white Flannels, suitable for the approaching season, among which are several kinds, well known not to shrink in washing viz:—Rogers's Patent, 4-4 and 6-4 Silk Wool, fine Gauze Flannel, manufactured of worsted, a beautiful article for summer wear.

☞Purchasers in want of superior fabrics, are invited to examine the assortment. 2m april 11

SILKS AND CALICOES.

3 CASES black and col'd Gro de Nap Silks;
3 do nice and low priced English Calicoes;
1 do do do do Irish Linens;
1 do black Cotton Hose;
1 do white do do
1 do slate do do (low priced)
2 do American Prints, do do
1 do Rouen Cassimeres, for children's wear;
1 do plain and small check'd English Ginghams;
2 cartoons Blond Gauze Veils;
3 do Sewing Silk Shawls;
3 do Fancy Hdkfs;

Together with a good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Satinetts.

1500 yds light Calicoes, new patterns, just received from auction, for sale at 1 shilling per yd, by CHARLES ADAMS, 115 Hanover street. 5t may 2

DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber having just received his full assortment of

RICH SPRING GOODS,

from the late importations, is now prepared to offer to his friends and customers a very rich and extensive assortment, consisting in part of the following, viz—

1 case super rich col'd fig'd Silks,	80 cts
1 do do do Poult de Soie,	75
1 do do do do and blue blk do	62 1-2
1 do do do do do do Gro de Naples,	50
1 do do do do do do do	42
1 do do fellow edge Gro de Swiss,	75
1 do do do do do do	70
1 do do white do do	62 1-2
1 do do rich 4-4 pink French Prints,	50
1 do do do new style French Ginghams	36
1 do do do do do London do	25
1 do do do do do do Prints,	25
3 cartoons super rich French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from	25 cts to $1
3 do do do red Merino Shawls from	3 50 to $16

Together with a great variety of Gloves, Hose, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Wos'd Blond, Cravats, Lace Veils, White Gauze Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shown and offered at the above corresponding low prices by

CALVIN HOSMER,
No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall-st. Boston.
april 4 6m

BLEACHED AND BROWN

AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cocheco Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

RICH SILKS.

JAMES C. WHITE, 89, Hanover-street, has selected a prime assortment of Rich Silks, fig'd, plaid and plain, blk and choice colours; Bishop Lawns; Muslins Cambrics; Ginghams; a superior article of Gloves; white and bro. cotton Hosiery, from 12½ cts to 6s per pair. An assortment of Newburyport Hosiery, a very desirable and scarce article. Rich blonde gauze Veils Foulard Hdkfs; Merino Shawls; printed Lawn and Cambrics, for summer dresses; rich English and French Prints; Linen Damask and Damask Cloths; Thread and Cambric Edgings and Insertings; dark Calicoes, for sixpence a yard. 5t may 2

NEW BOOKS.

PHILIP'S GUIDE.—Manly Piety in its realizations. By Robert Philip, of Maberly Chapel.

Lives of English Highwaymen, Pirates and Robbers. By C Whitehead, Esq. 2 vols.

Marie, the Bandit's daughter—a Poem.

Webster's Speeches, 2 vols. 8vo. neatly bound in cloth, with a correct likeness.

Six Lectures on Revivals of Religion, delivered in the Universalist Church in Portland, 1834. By Menzies Rayner.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. april 25

BRUSH MANUFACTORY,

AND WAREHOUSE.

No. 15 EXCHANGE STREET.

J. J. ADAMS, has for sale as above *COMMON* and *FANCY BRUSHES*, of every description at Wholesale and Retail.

He is constantly manufacturing the article, and will furnish to order all kinds of Factory and Machine Brushes of good quality and at the lowest prices.

N. B. Bristles for Stock-making and Shoemaker's use, for Sale. 8w april 8

SILK AND MUSLIN GOODS.

NEW SUPPLY.

GEO. W. FROTHINGHAM will open on Monday, a large assortment of blk, blue blk, and colored, rich, large and small fig'd Silks; blk, blue blk and col'd Marceline Silks, a beautiful article for summer dresses; plain Poult de Soie and Gros de Paris Silks, of rich lustre and fashionable shades; superior (fast colors) French Jaconett; Corded Muslins and French Prints; Fancy Shawls and Hdkfs; Veils; Ribbons and Bonnet Silks; Crape Royal, for thin dresses, fashionable colors; together with a great variety of desirable articles, which will be sold low, at No 245 Washington street. may 23

BOOK STORE, BINDERY,

AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTORY, No. 232, Washington, 6 doors south of Summer street. Where is constantly for sale at the lowest prices, school and miscellaneous Books, Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayer Books, Hymn Books, of various kinds, selected and arranged for the different denominations of Christians. Account Books, Ledgers, Day Books and Journals, Ladies' Albums, Writing Books, Memorandums and a variety of Stationary and Cutlery, with almost every other article usually found in a store of this kind.

☞Cards printed at short notice.

may 9 WILLIAM ULMAN, Agent.

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians of Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, coming from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and its good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted. The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians. Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shakers do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath streets 6m april 2

MOTT'S PATENT

MEDICATED BATHS,

Corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets,

BOSTON.

Important to the Afflicted!!!

THE Gifted Lady, MRS. MOTT, Female Physician, corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets, having since her residence in Boston, of two years, attended to more than four thousand patients, some hundreds of which are acknowledged to be extraordinary Cures, by means of her Baths, and system of medicine, she deems it proper to make it known more generally, that those who can get no relief from medical aid, may know where to apply. She would not particularize cases, as all diseases, except those arising from or tending to immorality, are attended to, and particular attention paid to children. In the medicines, no mercury, no minerals, no poison is used.

The Baths are vapor, distilled from herbs, passing through a chamber charged with essential oils. They are medicated as the case may require. They are highly agreeable to the healthy, as well as beneficial to the sick, and unlike any other Baths in use. The Champooing is used to produce friction, in Contractions and Chronic Complaints. Many hundred citizens can be referred to; but the object is not to importune, but to give information, and ask a trial.

N. B. The subscriber, having to attend to Preparations, Baths, &c., will discontinue to practise as a Surgeon or Dentist from this date, except to those now under his care. He would return his thanks for the liberal patronage he has received.

R. D. MOTT.

The Ladies' Medical Oracle may be had as above. Patent rights for Families, and Agents for towns and villages, may be purchased on application.

feb 21

MRS. GRISWOLD'S

SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WHITE, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have tested it for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her friends and customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or her agent, as above directed.

april 4 3m

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlogmonous Inflammation, St. Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 129 Court street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally. Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown. Salem. (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth. Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 31

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doct. Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cts a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States, who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion. Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. 50 cts and 25 cts. april 2

LANDS IN ROXBURY.

FOR SALE—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms: they are situated near the Rev. Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the "Porter Purchase." Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 8000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and surpassed by none in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which runs from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.

JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
may 30 PETER WAINWRIGHT.

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 100 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of closing concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a good investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

VARNISH AND GLUE

BRUSHES.

BRASS Handled, Varnish and Glue Brushes, made also by India Rubber Manufacturers, made without cement, and warranted to stand in any composition. Manufactured only by J. J. ADAMS, No 15 Exchange street.

april 4 8w